



The Grail

OCTOBER, 1932

John Paul Jones

MAUDE GARDNER

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When Tommy Stole Jesus

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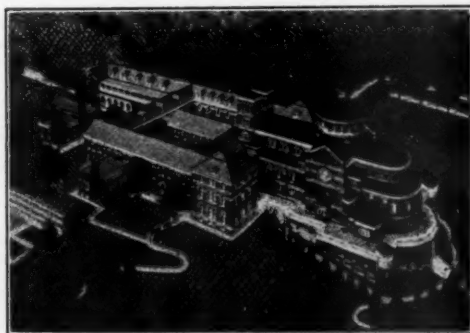
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Martyrum Chorus

Dom Hugh Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.

PAGAN PRIEST

The Emperor, true son of Jupiter,
In mercy manifold vouchsafes release
To prisoners all who join in sacrifice
On his birthday, and from their folly cease.

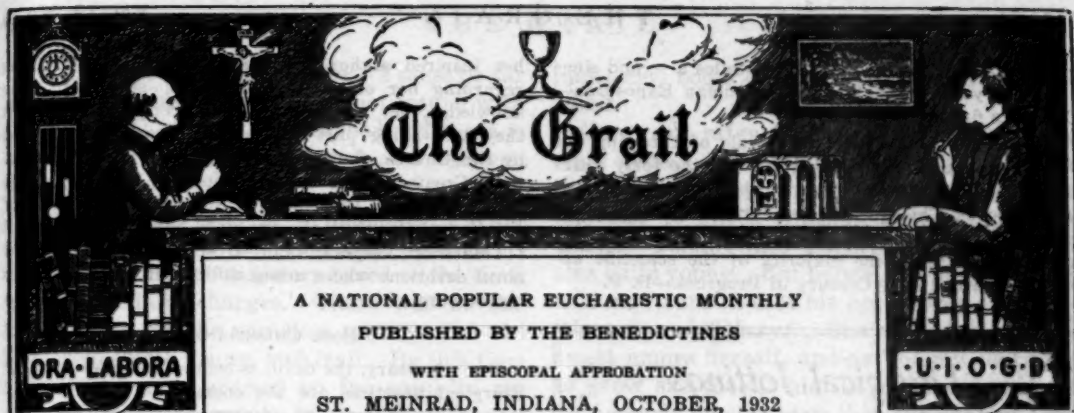
MARTYRUM CHORUS

There is one key alone
To Christian liberty;
There is it truly known
Where dwelleth charity;
'Tis forged beneath the blows
The metal undergoes
With utter self-surrender.

Shall we give ear
And heed th' unbidden seer
Seeking to steal faith's gold—extortioner?
Rather prepare
To thrill the ready air
With praises of the world's great Fashioner.

Father we call,
Father from ages all,
Our God, for co-eternal is His Son;
All the world's size
And splendor can comprise
Nought but the shadow of His holiest throne.

The Truth we praise,
Whose all-benignant rays
Abide with us always,
Constant through life's worst days;
For with the Truth full light,
Celestially bright,
Guides us to Jesu's everlasting gaze.



The Month of the Angels

October with its proverbial beautiful weather in our climate is the month of the holy Angels as well as Rosary month. The Angels are *messengers* of God to man. Holy Scripture frequently alludes to these ministering spirits and gives instances of their mission to men. Of these holy spirits three are mentioned especially and preeminently by name: the Archangels Gabriel (hero of God), Michael (who is like God?), and Raphael (God has healed, or medicine of God).

The Archangel Gabriel was sent to Zachary, when he was performing the office of high priest, to inform him that Elizabeth, his wife, should in her old days bear him a son and that the child should be named John. Later the same Archangel went on a similar mission to Mary: to announce to her that she had been chosen by God to become the Mother of the Redeemer of the world. The feast of the Annunciation is celebrated on March 25th.

St. Michael is highly esteemed by Holy Mother Church, who calls upon him to shield her from the enemy. She invokes him frequently in the prayers of her liturgy. She regards him as her champion and protector. To St. Michael is ascribed the leadership of the heavenly hosts that vanquished the rebellious angels and cast them out of heaven into the abyss of hell.—Many churches bear the name of St. Michael, while Michael is a name that is often conferred at the baptismal font. Various prayers in honor of St. Michael have been enriched with indulgences.

St. Raphael reveals himself particularly in the Book of Tobias in the Old Testament as one of the seven angels who stand before the Lord. This Archangel conducted the young Tobias into the land of the Medes and brought him back safe to his father.—In the many good offices performed by this Archangel on that memorable journey from the outset to the safe return of Tobias, we see illustrated how in a visible manner God sometimes sends His holy angels to minister to men, though they do not ordinarily reveal themselves in visible form. However, Holy Scripture records a number of instances when angels appeared to men, e. g., to the shepherds, to St. Joseph, and to others.

That the angels really watch over us and minister to our spiritual wants as well as have regard to our temporal needs, we have the testimony of Holy Scripture. For instance, David says in the ninetyeth Psalm: "There shall no evil come to thee: nor shall the scourge come near thy dwelling. For he (the Lord) hath given his angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

These angels to whom God hath given charge over us we call Guardian Angels. Speaking of the guardian angels of little children, Our Divine Savior said on one occasion: "Their Angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven."—Matth. 18:10.

It is the love of God for us poor mortals that moved Him to place these ministering spirits over us. For this reason, we should avail ourselves of their assistance and not forget to invoke their aid in the time of danger. They will help us to resist the onslaughts of the evil spirits and enable us to make progress in the practice of prayer and virtue. We ought not to let a single day pass without calling upon our holy Guardian Angel, saying to him in the words of the prayer: "Ever this day be at my side to light and guard, to rule and guide."

Starlight for Coming World's Fair

Light from a star in the heavens 240 trillion miles distant will be utilized to set into motion, the machinery which opens the science exhibits of Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress Exposition, on June 1, next year.

The giant star Arcturus, forty light years away from the earth, will supply the light. This light will fall through the powerful lenses of the 40-inch telescope of the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., and be focused on a tiny photo-electric cell.

The light's impact will cause an electrical effect on the photo-electric cell. Amplified, this will send an impulse over wires to the Exposition grounds which will throw the necessary switches to open the science exhibits.

The light used for this purpose in the 1933 World's Fair will have traveled through space from Arcturus

to the earth at the rate of 186,000 miles a second since 1893, the year of the World's Columbian Exposition—Chicago's first world's fair.

Selection of Arcturus for the role of throwing the switch is particularly appropriate. In the forty years since the light which will act on the photo-electric cell left Arcturus, Chicago's spectacular rise to rank among world cities has taken place. In those forty years, too, mankind has made the majority of the scientific advances recorded in *A Century of Progress*.—D. P.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

THE SAFER COURSE

The multiplicity of religious sects indicates only too plainly that human prudence is not proof against error in regard to the manner of worshipping God; for each of the "religions" worships according to its own way. Since worship of God rests upon a definite concept of God, they cannot all be right. The words of Holy Writ may be aptly applied to our worship of the Almighty: There is a way that seemeth to a man right: and the ends thereof to death.—(Prov. 16:25.)

We are indeed fortunate in being safeguarded by the liturgical practices of the Church when we come to the worship of the Divinity. Holy Church brings

her inspired authority to bear upon the regulations regarding her official worship, and, secure in this knowledge, her children know for certain that, when they are taking part in the public services endorsed by the Church, they are paying honor and tribute to their Creator in the manner approved by Him. It is the safer plan, therefore, to spend our moments of prayer in union with the combined body of the faithful at Mass or Vespers, than to occupy ourselves with novel devotions whose acceptability before God we are not so sure of.

POOR CHRISTIANITY!

Our adversary, the devil, is behind the assertion that liturgical practices are the enemies of private devotion. On the contrary, the liturgy gives to private devotion what solidity and background it possesses. Do you not believe that a Catholic who goes to church with a *devout intention* and takes part in the liturgical functions with *deliberate and intelligent attention* will pray with greater regularity, with holier purpose, and with increased efficacy in the privacy of his home? It is bound to happen thus. The liturgy provides the true atmosphere for private prayer. It is a patent sign of poor Christianity to see a Christian entering the church door in a *hurry* at the Offertory of the Mass on a Sunday morning and leaving in a *hurry* before the priest has finished distributing Holy Communion. Such a one can scarcely be sincere in his desire to imbibe the spirit of the liturgy. His worship of God will be mercenary and periodic—even spasmodic. But God's promises were given to the faithful and the constant!

When Tommy 'Stole' Jesus

SR. M. SALESIA, O. S. B.

MOTHER Paula was startled from her sleep by hard rapping on the front door. Looking at the clock she saw that it was still early in the night and that she had slept scarcely one hour. The fire was low and the temperature was zero. Without, the wintry blasts beat hard against the panes, for it was midwinter in this Canadian region.

"God protect the homeless to-night," murmured the little Mother as she clothed herself to answer the call. Suddenly it dawned on her to call Sisters Mary and Ruth. Perhaps she would need their help. No one had ever molested them at St. Mary's Indian School during Mother Paula's time and she had lived there for ten long years. "One never knows," she said to herself, "even though it were but a demented Indian squaw, I could do nothing alone."

The hard rapping continued and was alternated only with loud calls and pleadings for admission. In a few moments more Mother Paula and her Sister companions were at the door and upon perceiving the caller to be a woman, they hurriedly unbolted the door. There stood a poor squaw in tattered Indian apparel holding close to her bosom a tiny papoose wrapped in a blanket.

"Here," said the squaw holding out the little papoose, "you woman of the Great Spirit, take this child and keep him."

"Ah! my good woman," said Mother Paula, "this is St. Mary's Indian School, but we do not accept infants here. We take no children younger than six years. Do come in and rest here until morning, then Father Pierre will direct you where to go with your little son."

"No, no," protested the squaw, "I must be far away before sunrise and I dare not return with this child. O woman," she sobbed, "if there is a Great Spirit, you cannot love him unless you take this child."

Mother Paula was in a quandary. What should she do? Their quarters were overcrowded and her poor sisters taxed to the limit with their daily charges. There was no one free to care for the nameless papoose and oh! he was so small, young, and frail. By this time three more nuns arrived on the scene to see for themselves the cause of the disturbance. Turning to her sisters, Mother Paula said,

"What shall I do?"

"O Mother, please take him," chorused the nuns, "he will soon grow up." At that moment Mother reached forth and took the babe and the unknown squaw fled into the cold, black night never to return or inquire for the child.

On the following morning Mother Paula related to Father Pierre the strange story of the newcomer to St. Mary's. "I'll baptize him tomorrow," said Father Pierre, "and in the meantime let the children name him."

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning the little papoose was carried by Betty Ann, the oldest girl at the school, to the Blessed Mother's altar in the chapel where Father Pierre administered baptism. "The name," asked Father Pierre.

"Tommy," whispered Betty Ann who was too impressed with her wonderful charge of little godmother to remember that an infant must be given a name.

Mother Paula was determined from the beginning that Tommy was not to be spoiled either by the sisters or even by the little godmother. Tommy was not to be rocked or carried around. He was to be kept sleeping as long hours as possible. At night he was fastened securely in a hammock that swung from the high posts of Mother's own bed. There he was kept until morning dawned when he was placed in his crib and cared for by Betty Ann under the supervision of Sister Eva.

After a few weeks Tommy began to show more signs of life and soon developed into a strong healthy child. He grew rapidly but not as rapidly as Betty Ann claimed he did, for almost weekly she begged Sister Eva to let her

make new boots because the old ones were too small.

One year after Tommy's arrival he could walk alone. The children took great pride in teaching him to go from one room to another and also to knock when he found the doors closed. Tommy also learned to talk when he was quite young. But here again Mother Paula was very careful that his first words should be "Jesus" and "Mary." She taught him those sweet names herself, and as Tommy continued to grow she taught him to say short prayers. At an early age he knew that our Blessed Lord lived in the little house on the altar. Much to the happiness of Mother Paula and her sisters they perceived that Tommy really was unusually devout. At the age of two years he was taken to Mass daily and he kept very quiet until the end of the Holy Sacrifice. Truly he was a very knowing little fellow for his age and he often asked in his baby language, "Why don't Father give me Jesus?" Occasionally he would slip away from Betty Ann and patter up the aisle to the railing and no one except Mother Paula could take him away. Nor was Tommy silent on such occasions. Usually Mother was obliged to put him in the kitchen where his Indian screams would not disturb the other children in their Communion thanksgivings.

Tommy eagerly watched the other children daily receive his dear Jesus. He thought they were all cruel to him because he was the only one who could not have Jesus. Surely he was big enough not to hurt baby Jesus, and he knew that Jesus loved Tommy because Tommy loved Jesus.

At the age of three and one-half years, Tommy begged Mother Paula almost daily to let him have dear Jesus. "Tommy dear, you are too small, you must wait until you grow bigger," said Mother.

"I'm big enough," was his constant reply.

It was early springtime and Father Pierre took seriously ill with double pneumonia. St. Mary's School was in consternation. Daily prayers and works were all offered for the recovery of their spiritual Father, who well merited the name. Again Tommy pleaded with Mother Paula to let him have Jesus, to let him go to Holy Communion with Betty Ann.

"O Tommy, you are only a baby," said Mother.

er. "Do be patient and wait until you get bigger."

This refusal was too much for little Tommy, he could not wait longer; the disappointment was too great and his baby heart sobbed out: "I won't ask no more."

"Very well," answered Mother, but soon she noticed that his tears were dried away and the mischievous twinkle appeared again in his eyes. Smiling to Mother, he left the room and she felt relieved that he had gone, as she thought, to play.

More than two hours had passed with no sign of Tommy's return. This dawned upon Mother rather suddenly and she was up in a moment to see if he was with the other children. To her amazement no one had seen him since Mass. Mother Paula continued the search and Tommy's name was called at the door of every room. At last she reached the chapel, opened the door, and at the same time gently called: "Tommy! Tommy!" But he had been taught from his earliest days that he must not talk in the chapel; therefore, he held his peace; moreover, he was too busy, he had no time for Mother Paula or anyone else who would call him at this time.

The silence everywhere frightened Mother and she began to fear that he had strolled away too far to find his way back and consequently was lost. After all, she had to admit to herself that he was aged beyond his ears. Perhaps there was a meaning in his answer, "I won't ask no more," that she herself had failed to comprehend.

At this moment she began to recommend the situation to our Blessed Lord and continued to walk up the center aisle. As she drew near the Communion railing, she noticed that the altar had been disturbed. "Surely," she said to herself, "dear Sister Mary, a model of devotion to our Eucharistic Guest, could never have left the altar in that condition." Then turning aside, she spied Tommy with face buried in his hands and kneeling in the front bench. "O Tommy! Tommy! what have you done!" Her voice, mingled half with joy at finding him and half with sternness at what she feared he had done, was enough to frighten even an Indian lad.

Tommy showed no signs of fear, but raising

his head and opening those sparkling, black eyes he said: "Mother, I asked you to let me have Jesus and you said 'no,' so I stole Him."

Mother Paula was trembling. She was at a loss what to say or do. She must impress upon Tommy that he dare not touch the Blessed Sacrament, yet he was too young to grasp anything but a wee tot's explanation. "Tommy," said Mother, "come with me to the sacristy."

"But, Mother, you won't hurt me 'cause I stole Jesus, will you?"

"No, Tommy." Both entered the sacristy and Mother closed the door. "Now, Tommy, tell me how you opened the little door."

"'Twas easy, Mother. I shoved a chair over here and got the key; then I shoved Father's chair to the altar so I could reach the door to get Jesus."

"And then?" said Mother Paula.

"O Mother, I put the little key in and turned it like Father Pierre does till it clicked and flew open. Then I took Jesus and blest myself like Father Pierre does and swallowed him."

"And then?" repeated Mother.

"Oh! I talked to him, Mother, told Him many times I love Him, and asked him to come and take me up to his heaven so I can have him all the time and I wasn't done telling him when you called me. Mother, let me go back and talk to Jesus."

"No, Tommy, it is time for dinner. I am going to the hospital this afternoon to see Father Pierre and you must go with me and tell Father what you have done."

Tommy loved the good Father, but when the time came he was just a bit timid in telling of his theft. Father Pierre was very ill, yet he listened in solemn silence to little Tommy's confession. Then, taking the little hands in his own and looking kindly into that baby face, Father Pierre said, "Tommy dear, be a good boy and don't steal Jesus again. Wait a few days and Jesus will come and take us both up to his heaven. Now can't you wait that long, Tommy?"

"Will we both go up to heaven?" inquired Tommy again.

"Yes," said the sick priest, "Jesus is coming to get me first and then I'll ask him to come back for Tommy."

"All right," said Tommy getting down from Father Pierre's bed.

Three days later the sound of the tolling bell informed the people at St. Mary's that Father Pierre had gone to his eternal reward. Solemn watch was kept over his remains for four nights and days during which time the faithful Indians offered many prayers for their deeply lamented Father. Little Tommy, too, was quite generous in offering his wee prayers for their much loved Father. Although the tabernacle key had been carefully hidden and he was

watched faithfully, he succeeded in finding the key and stealing his Jesus three times more.

On the morning that Father Pierre was laid to rest, Tommy fell dangerously ill. The doctor worked hard to save the little life, but Tommy was ripe for heaven and no doctor was able to stay the designs of Jesus. Two days later Tommy responded to the last call and thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Father Pierre: "Jesus is coming to get me first and then I'll ask Him to come back for Tommy."

John Paul Jones

MAUDE GARDNER

AMONG the Virginia towns so rich in history and tradition, none holds greater interest and charm for the lovers of American History than Fredericksburg, the beautiful little city on the Rappahannock River about midway between the cities of Richmond and Washington, D. C.

It was on May 2, 1671, that Sir William Berkeley, Colonial Governor of Virginia, granted to John Royston and Thomas Buckner the land upon which the historic town now stands and soon thereafter a little settlement sprang up on the banks of the lovely winding river which they called Fredericksburg in honor of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third. When the streets were laid off they too were named for members of the royal family—names which endured even though there came a time when the people rose up in revolt against the son of the man for whom they had named their town. Princess Anne is one of the main thoroughfares of the city to-day, and there is a Prince Edward, a Charlotte and a Charles Street.

There yet stands in Fredericksburg the quaint old wooden house where Mary, the mother of Washington, spent the last years of her life and the monument over her grave stands on the outskirts of the city. It was in this Virginia town that James Monroe, author of the famous doctrine that bears his name, received his first political office which started

him on his remarkable career. Matthew Fontaine Maury, whose genius made possible the laying of the Atlantic cable, lived for many years of his life in Fredericksburg, and at the old Rising Sun Tavern, which is still preserved, there often gathered in the old days such Colonial celebrities as George Washington, Lafayette, Mason, and others.

And from the city's pretty little railway station the passing traveler can see another old house of which the town is justly proud, for beneath its roof was spent a part of the boyhood of the bravest Naval commander known in history—John Paul Jones. This house, which stands on the corner of Main and Prussia Streets, has always been used as a combination business and dwelling house, for even in that long ago time of John Paul Jones' boyhood, his brother, William Paul, used the upstairs for living quarters, the lower floor being utilized for a grocery store, just as it is to-day after a period of more than one hundred and sixty years. And to this old house, in this old town on the Rappahannock River, came a Scottish lad of thirteen, known at the time as John Paul, who was destined to play an important part in the history of the New World.

In an humble fisherman's cottage at Arbigland on the Frith of Solway, Scotland, John Paul was born on July 6, 1747. The father, a fisherman and gardener by trade, provided as best he could for his family, but it was neces-

sary that the children, as soon as they were old enough, should begin to look out for themselves, so in 1752, William, the eldest son, set sail for the New World across the sea, landing eventually at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where by thrift and hard work he acquired some land, eventually bought a grocery store and tailor shop and succeeded financially.

Word, no doubt, went back to the old home in Scotland of this wonderful new country where there was room and a chance for all, so that young John Paul, who all his life had played along the seashore and loved every wave and sail, began to long to make the voyage across the Atlantic to see for himself this magic land where his brother lived. His schooling had been meager, but at the little parish institution he had made the most of the educational opportunities afforded him and was better versed in book lore than most fisherman boys of his own age.

John Paul's chance came when a ship owner, who happened to be looking for sailors to go on a voyage to Virginia, saw the young lad demonstrate his ability as a seaman in handling a fishing boat caught in a terrific storm. Struck by the confidence and skill of this slender boy of thirteen, who seemed to know and understand the water so well, the ship owner immediately offered to send John Paul as master's apprentice on a new vessel just then making ready for a voyage to America.

It seemed such a long, perilous journey for so young a lad to undertake that at first the father refused his consent, but the youth pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to go that the parent finally reluctantly agreed and when the brig, *Friendship*, set sail for the New World, it carried John Paul on the first of his many great voyages. It took a long time to make a journey across the Atlantic in those days, for sailing vessels made slow progress, but eventually the good ship reached Chesapeake Bay and sailing up the Rappahannock River came to the present city of Fredericksburg where the Scottish lad received a warm welcome from the brother whom he could scarcely remember.

John Paul soon became a valuable assistant in his brother's business for he learned to clerk in the grocery store and to help with the work on the plantation. He found time, too, to at-

tend the little Fredericksburg school where we are told he studied very hard, for by this time the boy's ambitions had become aroused and he realized that in order to make a success in life he must go on with his education.

For several years the future great naval hero lived and worked with his brother in the old wooden house on the corner, but his love for the sea was the strongest force in his life and at nineteen he went as mate on a slave-trading ship to Africa, but he soon recoiled from the horrors of that business and became captain of another vessel which took him on voyages to many different countries. All his spare time was spent in study so that by the time he was twenty-one he was master of several languages, and the handsome, courtly young captain, with his polished manners, was very popular in whatever port his vessel cast anchor.

It was in 1773 that John Paul came back to Virginia to take charge of his dead brother's business, and it was about this time that he became known as John Paul Jones. Various reasons have been given for this. It is claimed by some that in order to inherit his brother's property, the will had stipulated that the young captain should add Jones to his name in memory of one William Jones who had been a great friend of William Paul's and who left him considerable property, which he in turn passed on to his brother. Others say that it was the kind hospitality of a Jones family in North Carolina, in whose home John Paul was so cordially entertained for several months, that caused him to change his name. At any rate, the young captain, known as John Paul became the rich planter of Virginia known as John Paul Jones.

Then came the Revolution and in the old Rising Sun Tavern, the meeting place of the patriots of Colonial times, John Paul Jones listened to the wonderful eloquence of Patrick Henry and heard such patriots as George Washington and Thomas Jefferson discuss the tyranny of the king toward his colonies in the new country. John Paul Jones was a Scotchman and did not have to fight our battles, but his sympathies were at once enlisted for the little band of struggling people, who only asked for liberty, and boldly declaring himself on the patriot's side, he volunteered his services in whatever capacity they were needed.

War would have to be carried on at sea as well as land and America was poorly prepared to fight the English, who had long boasted that no country on earth could take her ships. It took a lot of pluck for a little struggling country like ours, with her few small ships, to go to war against England with her great vessels sailing up and down our coasts, capturing and burning our poor little towns and destroying whatever lay in their wake. So John Paul Jones, with his knowledge of sea life, was employed by the Continental Congress to get ships ready for service, and this was indeed a fortunate step for the patriot cause, for no man in America was so well fitted to cope with England on the sea as this man who had loved the water from his baby days and felt as much at home on the waves as on land.

The story of the next few years of John Paul Jones' life sounds more like romance than history. First we find him as a young lieutenant on the flagship, Alfred, hoisting his yellow silk flag in the face of the British. Up and down the eastern coast of North America he sailed in his little vessel, capturing so many English ships with their supply of powder and guns that Congress decided to send him to European waters to attack the English vessels on their own shores and to consult with Benjamin Franklin who was at the time in France making his noted plea for aid in the patriot cause.

With the arrival of this naval hero to foreign ports, victory followed victory for the American Navy and in his old vessel, renamed the Bon Homme Richard in honor of the author of Poor Richard's Almanac, John Paul Jones cruised about Ireland and Scotland continually taking prizes until his very name became a terror to those who were fighting against the people across the Atlantic.

It was on Sept. 23, 1779, that the most brilliant sea battle that history records took place off the coast of Scotland when the Serapis, a British frigate, with many cannon and a picked crew, engaged in a deadly encounter the poor old Bon Homme Richard, with her rotten timbers, her mixed crew of untrained men to back up John Paul Jones, and her guns which had been pronounced unsafe for firing. 'Twas during this noted battle that the fighting spirit of John Paul Jones refused to be discouraged, for

in the midst of the engagement when it seemed for the moment as if the Bon Homme Richard would have to give up, an English captain cried out: "Have you surrendered?" And back came the answer from Jones: "I have not yet begun to fight." With his own hands he finally lashed the two vessels together and fought so desperately that the Serapis struck her colors just as his own ship was sinking, and John Paul Jones had gained the greatest of all naval victories, for this was the first time that an English vessel had ever surrendered to an inferior force.

Because of this unique victory Capt. Jones became a great naval hero, not only in America, the country he had so valiantly aided in her time of need, but France, Russia, and Denmark vied with each other in doing him honor. One of the most priceless possessions in the Museum of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia to-day is the beautiful gold-handled sword which the king of France presented to the world-famed hero on his return to Paris after the noted sea battle.

Each year thousands of visitors to Annapolis, Maryland's quaint little capital city, stand with bared, reverent heads before the crypt beneath the beautiful Naval Academy Chapel, where the body of John Paul Jones, America's first Admiral and one of the world's most daring sea-fighters, has found its last restingplace.

The blessing of God on my every act
Is what I implore when I kneel
At the Table of Love and receive Him. In fact,
His blessing is what I then feel.

Don't say that God has not given you a chance, when it is you who never give Him the opportunity to work unhampered in your soul.

Our Eucharistic King will not be satisfied with half love. We must give Him our heart with all its affections.

The goodness of God shines forth in every particle of the Sacred Host.

The promise of eternal life was given to those who are partakers of the Body and Blood of Christ.

A Story from the Past

STEPHEN WHITE

ONE may or may not accept the judgment that Charlotte Ambroisine Bourossa, daughter of the *coureur de bois*, Rene, was beautiful. It is to be doubted, certainly, that she would have created the least sensation in Paris, or even in Quebec. But beauty is highly comparative, and there is sufficient testimony to show that according to the standards of Michilimackinac in the early seventeen fifties, Charlotte Ambroisine was a belle. Behold her then, as the frontiersmen probably saw her, and as her husband's only biographer imagined her, a girl "remarkably beautiful, having a slender figure, regular features, black hair and eyes, and," he adds, "a rare moral character."

Consider how such an angel must have stirred the heart of young Charles de Langlade, and taught it, temporarily at least, gentler excitements than hunting and war. In his twenty-five years he had been acquainted with possibly two dozen white women, aged six to sixty, but never so commendable a creature as this. He wooed her, won her, and in August, 1754, married her, the ceremony being solemnized by a Jesuit missionary, and the document signed by fifteen witnesses.

Now Young Charles de Langlade was a great catch. He was a half-breed true, but in the Northwest of those days, that did not count against a man, provided he could prove his merit. Indeed, de Langlade's family was considered an asset to him, rather than a liability, his father being the Sieur Augustin de Langlade, member of Canada's lesser nobility, and his mother the Princess Domitelle, sister of King Nissowaquet of the Ottawas.

For more reasons than this Charlotte had done well in marrying him. Young as he was, his name was familiar to all the West. Already he had commanded an expedition, begun a war, and been praised to his face by Governor Duquesne. And if the Governor's correspondence showed that privately he thought de Langdale only a true-hearted but simple fellow, the frontiersmen of Michilimackinac, of La Baye, of

Detroit, of all those little posts along the far lakes thought differently. To them he was a hero, with something of the dash, and fire, and amiable picturesqueness of a Robin Hood, let us say. Myths and legends had begun to accumulate around his name. Thus it was told how as a boy of ten he had inspired the Ottawa chieftain with the necessary courage to undertake a campaign against the Ouitanon of the Miami country, far to the South; how he had himself accompanied the braves on this rather considerable warpath of three hundred miles, and how at a crucial moment in the fight, when the battle hung in the balance, he and his Indian boy friends had saved the day by raising such a prodigious clamor from the reeds in which they were concealed that the Ouitanon, fearing enemy reinforcements, fled, leaving the Ottawas to pillage and scalp at their leisure. It was a glorious victory and it confirmed Uncle Nissowaquet's faith in omens. For he had been vouchsafed a vision of his precocious nephew guarded by a mighty Manitou against whom no enemy could stand.

It is seen, then, that these woods and waters knew a Gargantua of their own long before Paul Bunyan's time. And enshrined with Paul's double-bitted axe in the folklore of Lake Michigan is the war hatchet of Charles de Langlade.

But about that war he started, and here legend gives way temporarily to history. The opportunity would never have been his had Celoron, commandant at Detroit, been able to carry out orders from the Governor-General to march against the formidable Indian village which La Demoiselle was building up at Pickawillany on the Miami as a barrier to French ambitions in the Ohio. No amount of parleying had been sufficient to win La Demoiselle to French allegiance, and Bellestre's small expedition against him had been a pathetic failure. So for a time the French were left in an uncomfortable and humiliating position. English traders advanced into the Ohio under the protection of an Indian, while the French stood by,

helpless to interfere through the apathy of their own Indian allies, and the inadequacy of the white garrison at Detroit.

Now up at Michilimackinac, Charles de Langlade grew restless. Demoiselle and the Miamis had defied the French? Indeed! And Celoron could rouse no allies among the other tribes? De Langlade could rouse them.

He did, and so successfully that in June, 1752, two hundred and forty Ottawas and Ojibwas followed him to Detroit. He was only twenty-three then, hardly a man one would have picked for an important command. But as Celoron was not disposed to look a gift horse in the mouth, it was with his authority that de Langlade marched to Pickawillany. Parkman has described what happened there: the frightened squaws fleeing from the cornfields, the brief siege, the burning of the wigwams, the plundering of the trader's warehouses. When it was over the invaders boiled La Demoiselle and ate him without condiments. They believed that thus his courage and sagacity would pass over into themselves, and de Langlade was powerless to stop them.

Under such auspicious circumstances began the French and Indian War. When de Langdale and his Indians left the field, they bore with them plunder valued at three thousand pounds.

And now it should be obvious how great a catch was Young de Langlade.

Charlotte Ambrosine was not a girl to curtail her husband's freedom. She knew that men, admirable and necessary as they were in many things, had very disagreeable habits, like eating a little wolfishly, smoking vile pipes, and drinking too much, so that they always stank of fish, tobacco, and rum when they did not smell of hides, licorice, and brandy. Charlotte could put up with these things, and did, without complaint.

But there was one aspect of her life with Charles which she found hard to endure, and that was the necessity of association with Indians. Their house was connected with the store run by Charles and his father, and to it came every day for trading purposes scores of Indians: sullen young bucks, shiny-skinned, coarse-haired; old chiefs, wrinkled, beady-eyed, dirt-encrusted, but arrogant; and occasionally

medicine men, sights for the gods as they were intended to be. Then there was Charles' near and distant kinsmen and their friends, always loafing about the store, sometimes intruding for endless solemn conferences into the house. She always thought of them as *swarming*. "Like foul things," she would complain.

Principally the Indians aroused in her not disgust but fear. She was an imaginative girl, and she had heard from infancy thousands of tales in which the tomahawk and the scalping knife figured prominently. And she never saw Indians coming but she felt an impulse to hide.

She knew well enough that these same Indians were invaluable to Charles; that he made a livelihood through trading with them, and that he had become a power in the West because of his unrivalled knack of handling them. She knew, too, that their admiration of him was enough to protect her, now that she bore his name, anywhere in this country. But where fear is present reason gives way. And she was afraid.

The annoying thing about it all was that Charles only laughed at her fears. He might have tried, at least, to reassure her. But in his contempt for the tribesmen he could not understand that she was in need of sympathy.

One afternoon, for instance, she opened the door which connected the house with the store and almost bumped into Packkaush, a very moose of an Indian. His hulking form nearly filled the doorway. He grinned at her. His teeth were irregular and sharp.

She became a little hysterical, and seizing a table knife, thrust at him. "Rogue, you are a dead man," she cried, but Packkaush did not wince at the dull blow. Nor did he move to choke her. He retreated in mock dismay, and a shout of laughter went up from the store. Then to her chagrin she saw that the place was filled with Indians sitting on the benches; that Packkaush was standing in the doorway only because there was no seat for him, even on the floor; and, worst of all, that Charles was there and that he was laughing, with the Indians, at her.

Life was bitter for Charlotte at that moment. She closed the door and crept to her room to weep. She cried a long time. Nor did it help much when Charles came in, even though he

called her his "little white pigeon" and said many endearing things. For there was a chuckle in his voice, however tender he pitched it, that Charlotte did not miss. So she was very angry with him, and presently rose from the bed, flung back her hair, wiped her eyes, and strode indignantly back to her sewing. Charles did not get a word out of her for days.

You see that for Charles, too, matrimony had its inconvenient moments. Embarrassments could arise which were much more difficult to deal with, and more destructive of one's peace of mind and soundness of heart than anything encountered on the warpath. It might have been easier for him if he had not been so very fond and proud of Charlotte. To understand just how she swelled his sense of vanity one must remember how few were the white women west of Montreal in those days. White men of good family, such as *Sieur Augustin*, for instance, did not marry Indians by choice. But Charles had been blessed beyond the fortune of men of purer strain.

He was thankful and proud. But he did not conceal from himself the fact that he should like to spank her vigorously. He was never very angry with her, but when she refused to speak to him, for instance, she put him out of countenance, made him feel as though he were guilty of some great wrong, which is an embarrassing thing to anyone, and to a man of action almost unsupportable. To spank her then commended itself as the most effective way of restoring his self-respect. What he did instead was to flatter her with attentions, and, when these failed, to put on an air of sulky indifference. He was a simple-hearted man, was Charles de Langlade, for all his power in the West.

Too little did he know of women. Even Indian women (his mother, for instance, and *Nekima* his widowed sister-in-law whom *Sieur Augustin* had taken into his household) were too subtle for him.

And now, because word had come that an English general was preparing to take Fort Duquesne, Charles with five hundred of his savages was in the far eastern forests beyond the lakes, a thousand miles from home. Meanwhile Charlotte had been installed in the home

of her father-in-law. She had nowhere else to go; her father was off on his own summer business to Quebec, and her sister *Agatha*, wife of *Etienne Souigny*, was at *Gabagouache* on the Grand River. Charlotte was not pleased with this arrangement, despite the fact that *Sieur Augustin*, whose pet she was, did his best to make her comfortable and happy. She loved the old man, and was grateful to him, but for every favor which he bestowed upon her she was paid off by the Indian women of the household in a dozen little injuries. These were not things of which she could have spoken to *Sieur Augustin*. He would not have understood, nor would Charles, for that matter, had he been there.

Domitelle and *Nekima*, of course, were jealous of her—angry because of her conquest of Charles and her complete subjugation of *Sieur Augustin*. When the latter was about they would be outwardly all deference and humility, except that now and again for the briefest of seconds they would stare her in the eyes. Then wills would clash like flint on steel, and she would know what they thought, and know, too, that they meant her to be aware of their hostility.

Sieur Augustin had told her that she was not to do any housework, this for her comfort, and possibly, also, to exalt her in the eyes of the town. *Domitelle* and *Nekima* knew well enough their master's motives, and resented them, but turned the arrangement to their own profit by quietly pretending that they alone were competent enough to look after the house. Charlotte was not left in ignorance of the effect they were trying to create; they impressed it upon her by the important manner in which they strutted about. Sometimes, when she was within earshot, and the *Sieur Augustin* away, they talked to each other in cruel imitation of her accents, and, when she was looking, tried to copy the quick, light movements which were her own. The effect, of course, in these flat-footed, heavy-set women was grotesque.

You ask why Charlotte, secure as she was in the old man's favor, did not treat the squaws simply as servants, or as slaves. Well, that was the first thing she did, but they were impervious to such treatment. And she, whatever countenance she put on, could not remain unaffected

by their hatred, for they, too, had connections with her husband. One was his mother, the other had married his brother, and borne him a son.

Of course, they made the most of the boy. Their attempts to keep *Sieur Augustin* and *Charlotte* mindful of him, and of their own importance through him, amused her at first although she could not always manage to overlook the sting in their motives. He was an attractive three year old; straight limbed, with black hair and eyes, and an olive skin. They kept him fairly clean, which surprised *Charlotte* until she realized that her own presence in the house urged *Nekima* to meet white standards. Frequently he would walk into the room where *Charlotte* would be sewing, sent, of course, by his mother or grandmother, but if they thought to make her jealous of him they were disappointed, for she grew fond of the little chap with his bashful eyes, his fondness for a bit of bright thread or ribbon, and a quiet, rapturous way of watching her as she worked out a pattern.

But for the most part her life in this household was one of domestic warfare. On *Sieur Augustin's* feast day it came to open strife. To delight the old man *Charlotte* had planned a very special pastry which her mother had taught her to make, and which *Sieur Augustin*, she was sure, had not tasted in the years since he had left *Quebec*. She was in the kitchen, preparing the batter, when *Domitelle*, who had watched her movements with suspicious eyes, tore the pan from her, retreated to a corner, and herself began stirring vigorously. *Charlotte* fought back her tears. Not a word was spoken, but no shadow could explain the blackness of the old woman's face, and no light the quivering of *Charlotte's* eyelids. Then *Nekima* entered, and *Domitelle* spoke to her a few words in the Indian tongue. *Nekima* went outside again, to return in a few minutes with an armful of green logs and of balsam boughs which she thrust into the fire. Presently the room began to fill with a pungent smoke. *Domitelle* threw down her pan, and with *Nekima* left the room.

Charlotte continued to work until the smoke was more than she could bear. With a pair of tongs she managed to extricate one smoking log

from the fire and was attacking another when the heat and the smoke almost overcame her. She went to the door for a breath of air and was weakly standing there, her hand on the post for support, when *Augustin* entered. He smelled the smoke and called loudly for *Domitelle* and *Nekima*.

"What kind of a witches' fire do you call this?" he roared. "Away with it."

Domitelle hunched her broad shoulders.

"No make fire," she said.

"No make fire," repeated *Nekima*.

Augustin glanced at *Charlotte* and misunderstood the tear he saw in her eyes. He took her hand.

"Don't worry about a matter like this, my dear," he said. "But why do you try such heavy work? Let these carrion make a fire when you want one. They know about such things, anyway. All they're good for."

Charlotte slipped from him, and fled to her room. She did not appear again until evening, and only then because *Sieur Augustin* called that he had already kept dinner waiting for her, and that his feast day would be a sad failure if she did not dine with him. She was very pale, and dressed herself in a black gown which so well became her pallor that *Sieur Augustin*, in his admiration, promised her nothing less than a black fox coat for the winter, with hat and boots trimmed in the same material.

She was tempted, then, to enlist the old man's aid in her quarrel with the squaws. But she suppressed the notion, keeping firm to her determination to complain of nothing, to endure everything, rather than fail to work out her own salvation. Only by proceeding alone, and without help, could she win in this contest.

About the time that *Charles* was making history and a name for himself by annihilating the English army that had marched so confidently to *Fort Duquesne*, *Charlotte* knew that she was to bear a child.

It was to be a boy, she was sure, and she visioned him as a handsome lad, strong, supple, white of skin. She felt a little sorry for *Nekima's* son; or rather, she felt the pathos of his position. He could never hope to hold so

high a place in his grandfather's affection as his cousin.

Nekima and Domitelle seemed to divine her secret. Perhaps it was only fancy, prompted by her own acute consciousness of her condition, that told her this; at any rate, as time went on, they became more malicious than ever. What saved Charlotte was that she was now able to forget the present and to dwell, with confidence, in the future. She had something to dream about and it gave her a precious serenity.

The days passed more lightly than they had before, and at last Charles came home. She did not tell him immediately. First she wanted a chance to forget, as much as possible, those dreary months at Sieur Augustin's. And then, too, Charles was so happy to be home, and was enjoying so much the opportunity to recount for his friends all the summer's adventures, particularly the great victory, that she did not want to confuse his pleasures. That is, she did not want to steal his thunder by announcing this fact of such superior interest to any war. She did not want to say, "You've done a great thing, my husband, and I'm proud of you; but listen—" and then disclose the truth by the side of which the destruction of an army would appear so trivial.

For a few days she let him bask in the sun.

Captain Herbin, commandant of the post at Michilimackinac and dependencies, had been among the most admiring of Charles' listeners. Now he wrote an order, assigning Charles to the command of the post at Gabagouache for the winter. Charles showed it to her.

"It's a very good thing," he said. "Look—I'm allowed to trade with the Indians on my own, and have authority over all other traders. But I don't want to leave you so soon. If you'll come along we'll fix up a cabin snug and cozy—however you say—there's plenty of time before the cold weather sets in."

Charlotte's mind was made up before he spoke. What a chance to get away from Michilimackinac—from everything that might remind her of Domitelle and Nekima, and to be with her sister Agatha again.

"The Soulignys like it there," Charles were urging. "You won't be lonesome."

"I shall be content," she said, and told him what they must prepare for.

She did not expect a demonstration, but she did suppose that he would express at least some of the wonder and pride which she herself felt. But though he smiled, and looked pleased, he seemed to take fatherhood largely as a matter of course. She was vexed. Actually, he had been more excited about Gabagouache.

At her new home on the Grand River, Charlotte had not much heart for anything. Charles had as yet shown no signs of appreciating how wonderful was this thing which had come into their lives. She was listless, and wrote to her father that she did nothing from day to day except "contemplate the autumn."

It was a beautiful autumn for the purpose; a long, full season, developing at an orchestral leisure; lingering to a slow decline.

Charlotte would rise early in the morning, when the frost was still heavy on the grass, and walk amid the bushy plot near her door, watching small birds flitting in and out among the red spikes of sumac, or feeding on the purple grapes and the elderberries black as loam.

At night, when lights were out, she would sit by the window, watching the moon flood the plain, and the green mists rise over the far hills.

Such times, she prayed. The sum of all her thoughts and desires was a prayer. She felt, then, that she was all alone; a strange ecstatic feeling that she was the single worshipper in the most vast temple of all.

Charles was doing even better than he had anticipated. Furs were abundant, and the Indians eager to trade. But she was not interested; indeed, when he enthused over his traffic, she was offended. She said nothing, but wanted him to dwell on other things. And he, in a muddle over her low spirits, provided every little luxury he could think of. But it was not such things she craved.

The fall went out. December was a month of fierce blizzards, of deep, drifting snows. Charles, thinking to please his wife, went fifteen miles on snow shoes to persuade a priest that Gabagouache had the best right to hear Mass on Christmas Day.

A month later Charlotte knew that her time

had come. Charles, anxious for her, but not guessing the imminency of the case, was planning a trip to an Indian village several days away. And she urged him to go.

Early in the morning of the third day after he had left the child was born. Charlotte, struggling for an elusive consciousness, felt dimly, but really, a sense of victory. She smiled, faintly.

And then she heard Agatha's whisper, as from far-away, "—a girl."

Hopes crumbled. So acutely did she feel the emptiness, now, of all her dreams that she was suddenly wakeful, staring at the ceiling with eyes of despair.

"You must try to sleep dear," Agatha was saying.

Sleep? How does one sleep? Charlotte resented Agatha's good will. Hateful memories were crowding upon her; she was tormented with thoughts of Domitelle, Nekima, who would laugh, probably, as Packkaush and the others had laughed that day. And Charles had laughed with them! She could never make him understand—now. . . . A girl!

When the child was brought to her she felt a throb of pity at its helplessness. What a life it had been born to, amid savages in the wilderness. How much easier that life would be for a boy.

Throughout the morning she lay staring at the ceiling, nerves taut and stubborn, answering not a word to her sister's solicitous questions until poor Agatha was beside herself with worry.

At noon she heard a door slam and a commotion in the outer room. Outside her own door voices murmured. Charles' voice! And Agatha's! "No, you are too cold to go in there now. Warm yourself first."

So he was coming in. What would he say? She thought that his indifference would not match hers.

Then he was kneeling by the bed and had taken her hand. He was talking away at a tremendous rate. It suited her whim not to listen to what he said, any more than to Agatha. She continued to stare at the ceiling.

But all at once she became aware that he was excited. She looked at him curiously. Why, his face was flushed, and there were tears in his

eyes. And he had killed—how many men was it, now—at Fort Duquesne?

"Why are you weeping, Charles?"

"It is nothing. But you—why don't you sleep? I'm so proud of you," he whispered, as she turned her head away, "And of our girl."

Charlotte took quick advantage. "She is sweet, isn't she?"

"I must get something fine for our church at Mackinac—something from Quebec. I vowed it, in a way—"

She was incredulous.

"You! Charles—vowing?"

"Well—you know—thinking about it now and then, wanting, wishing—"

"For what?"

"To be the father of a little white girl. That's to be a proud man in this country. And if you weren't the blessed pigeon you are, I'd love you anyway, now. . . ."

When Agatha entered the room a few minutes later, Charles put a finger to his lips.

Charlotte was asleep.

They made a pretty picture there: Bourosa's daughter, her black hair flung over the pillows, her head turned to one side, was clinging to the hand of that bronzed stalwart who had accomplished the defeat of Braddock and of La Demoiselle; a fine man whose French blood was unmixed at a time like this.

By and by he kissed Charlotte's hand, tucked the covers around her throat and tiptoed into the larger room. There he wiped his eyes, blew his nose with a flourish, and sat down to write a list of the furs he had brought home that day.

The end of soul depression is just around the corner—no farther than he nearest church. Make a visit—now!

God will always redeem the Gold Security Bond of Eucharistic devotion.

Holy Communion would be more highly regarded by the generality of Catholics if they were earnest enough in their striving after the things of the soul.

Perfect team play has often won the finals: perfect cooperation with Jesus Christ, our Eucharistic Helper, will score a victory in the finals of life.

Afternoons in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

EVERY walk in Rome tells the pilgrim something new, and at the end of each delightful little excursion, the beauty of the city sinks deeper into his heart and mind; the "feeling" of its grandeur and magnificance becomes in a greater measure a part of his being. Byron expresses for him the power and attraction that Rome is surely exercising over him:

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, 'hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

One afternoon, being in the Piazza del Popolo, he visits the beautiful Villa Borghese, strolls through its lovely avenues and admires its wealth of trees and flowers. This Villa was founded in the beginning of the sixteenth century by Cardinal Scipione Borghese, for the benefit of the people of Rome.

And how they enjoy it! Strolling through its side avenues, or lying on the grassy turf and dreaming the hours away. It would be difficult to see a bluer sky than that which bends so caressingly over these gardens; to feel warmer sunshine than that which plays on the green trees and tangles its gold in their boughs; to hear sweeter music than those melodious sounds made by the clear water as it sparkles into the marble basins or cascades over mossy rocks.

The Casino at the farther end of the Villa contains some important works of art. The statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese by Canova is here. This lovely image was considered by the artist one of his best works. David with the sling was executed by the great Bernini in his sixteenth year. It is amazing in its beauty. The picture gallery is on the fourth floor; often the lift is not running, but the pilgrim forgets his fatigue as he admires

the masterpieces on the wall. There are many beautiful Madonnas but the visitor lingers longest at Raphael's Deposition, a masterpiece showing the bearing of the body of Christ to the Sepulcher.

Nothing can be finer than the figures portrayed, especially that of Mary the Mother, who, broken-hearted, falls on her knees at the sight of her Son; and of the other Mary the Magdalen, who presses the hand of Our Lord to her heart in an ecstasy of love and grief. Raphael painted this picture in all the vigor of his youthful genius. It is the flower of his art and the most beautiful picture that exists. The memory of the sweet mercy on the face of the dead Christ forever prints itself on the pilgrim's heart.

* * * * *

Though the pilgrim in Rome may be pressed for time, the castle of St. Angelo is well worthy of a few precious hours. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian as his family tomb. Here he was buried in A. D. 140. Here also, were buried five other emperors, the last, Caracalla, being interred in 217.

The Ponte Sant' Angelo was built by Hadrian as an approach to his tomb. The statues of St. Paul and St. Peter, at the end of the bridge, were erected by Clement VII in 1530 to serve as a memorial of a terrible occurrence that took place on this bridge in 1450.

As a dense jubilee procession was crossing the bridge, some of the horses took fright and a panic ensued. Many pilgrims were thrown down and trampled to death; others fell into the Tiber. One hundred and twenty eight bodies were buried in the Campo Santo near St. Peter's, and many others were given burial in different cemeteries. Two chapels were erected at the entrance to the bridge and Mass was said daily in them for the victims. These chapels, being used by the Lutherans and others as covers to fire from at Castel Sant' Angelo, were destroyed by Clement VII and the statues erected.

Along the parapet of the bridge are statues designed by Bernini. Each one bears some instrument of the Passion. It was also on the Ponte Sant' Angelo that the funeral cortege of Pius IX was attacked by ruffians with the object of seizing the body and casting it into the Tiber. The Catholic young men who were escorting the body repulsed its savage assailants, and the procession moved on its mournful way.

The castle as it now appears, is but the shadow of the once magnificent sepulcher of the emperors. A writer of the sixth century tells us that "it is built of Parian marble, the square blocks set closely to each other without any cement. It was surmounted by a gilded dome of splendor almost unrivalled. The mausoleum was turned into a fortress by Honorius in A. D. 423. In 536 it was besieged by Bites, leader of the Goths. The defenders of the castle, reduced to desperation, hurled down upon the besiegers all the magnificent statues which decorated the cornices.

It was in 590 that the event occurred which gave the building its present name. Gregory the Great was leading a great procession of penitents to St. Peter's to ask God to stay the fearful plague which was devastating Rome. As he was crossing the bridge, he looked up to the Mausoleum and saw an angel on its sum-

mit, sheathing a sword. On the present castle of Sant' Angelo the figure of an angel sheathing his sword, reminds us of this event.

In the tenth century the Cenci garrisoned Castel Sant' Angelo as a stronghold and dictated the law to the people and committed sacrilege with impunity. Down the centuries the castle was ever the storm center of Rome; and when the road along the Tiber was made in front of the castle, its beauty was destroyed forever. A spiral passage up which a chariot could be driven, gradually ascends through the solid mass of masonry. There is a beautiful salon of the time of Paul III to be seen, adorned with admirable frescoes; also the reputed prison of Beatrice Cenci.

Running behind toward the Vatican is a covered passage intended for the escape of the Pope to the castle. One can see this quite distinctly from the roof, where also the beautiful views of Rome may be enjoyed. On clear days the Appenine Mountains are visible, also a great part of the Campagna, and it is the memory of this gorgeous panorama, rather than the stormy history of Castel Sant' Angelo, that the visitor takes with him as he descends the circular stairway and waits for the electric tram that will bring him to his pension (boarding house).

The Burglar Trapped

A True Story

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

IT was a long time ago, in the last years of the French Empire, before the automobile had been invented and when there were still quiet, sleepy, but charming, little out-of-the-way places and parts of France, such as Brittany, that kept to their old customs, legends, and quaint superstitions. The place where my story occurred was a fairly large, private, girls' school in a quiet little town in Normandy. Its inhabitants were very proud of the fact that they actually had a railway station, though theirs was only a little side line where a very slow train crawled by two or three times a

day. For the last few days all had been excitement and confusion in the school, for this was the great day of the year, a red-letter day for the whole town, the prize-giving ceremony before the breaking up of school for the summer holidays. There was no end of packing that had to be done for the boarders, most of whom lived at a distance. Then the principal, Melle Meudon, who had hired the town hall for the occasion, had been busy, with the help of some of the teachers, in decorating the auditorium with flowers, flags, and garlands of evergreens, while in one of the side rooms a very creditable

show of the pupils' work in the way of exercise books, maps, drawings, and even needlework had been arranged.

At last all was in readiness, both boarders and day pupils, in their snowy white dresses, had filed in, and after inspecting the display of work, not only the parents and friends of the girls, but nearly the whole town, all in its 'Sunday best,' had crowded into every available seat.

Punctually at half past one the program began with singing and piano playing by the pupils. This was followed by a little play that was really a great success for it met with tremendous applause. Movies and theatres were unknown in these country places and a play of any kind was quite an unusual treat. As rapidly as possible the stage was cleared and tables were brought in laden with prize books of all sizes and paper crowns of laurel leaves. Beside these the parish priest, Mr. le Comte de Fourcon, the mayor of the town, and all the principal notables were seated in order. Then followed a series of speeches by the principal, the "Curé," and the Mayor, and then came the exciting moment for parents and pupils, the actual giving of the prizes. Her list in hand, Melle Meudon read in a clear voice the names of the prize winners, and the happy girls named trooped up the steps leading to the stage. Standing before one of the notables, each received from him a book and was crowned by him with a laurel wreath, receiving at the same time a word of praise or congratulation. Making a profound curtsy, each then retreated down the steps to her seat amid the vigorous applause of her parents and friends. Some of the pupils had with difficulty obtained a third or fourth prize, but others went up five or six or even more times and were more and more loudly applauded each time, while their mothers considered it the proper thing to weep for joy at their success as they came down the steps with their numerous crowns hanging on their left arm and their pile of books under the other.

When the last book had been given, the last wreath placed, the last curtsy made, a general hubbub ensued, mothers, fathers, and other relatives kissing and hugging the prize winners, everybody talking, shouting, hurrying here and there. All the pupils hastened to the display

room to take possession of their respective goods. The boarders and their families then betook themselves to the school, the yard and surroundings of which were crowded with vehicles of all sorts, carriages, farm wagons, and even donkey carts for the luggage of those in the more elegant vehicles. The talking, calling, shouting, laughing, crying, kissing, and leave-taking were indescribable. Those of the girls who were merely going for a vacation were delighted at the prospect of being home once more, while those whose school days had ended were for the most part in floods of tears at parting from their teachers and comrades. It was a scene of dire confusion, but finally the last trunk had been squeezed in somewhere, the last good-byes and good wishes said. At the crack of the drivers' whips off went the impatient horses many of which had been pawing the ground in their eagerness to be on their way.

Of all that noisy, excited crowd, only three remained watching the last vehicle till it was out of sight, and these were Melle Meudon, Bernadette, her faithful, stalwart, Norman maid of all work, who had been lifting trunks about with the ease of a man, and a sweet, timid, little Breton assistant teacher who had left home for the first time in her life ten months before and who was wild with joy at the thought of returning to her dear Brittany and her beloved mother for the vacation. It was because she was going on such a long journey that she had not left that day as the other assistants had. She and Melle Meudon were to start together by the six o'clock train the next morning, leaving good Bernadette in charge of the great empty house for the next two months.

After the bustle and confusion of the last few days the house seemed strangely quiet and even desolate to both Melle Meudon and Yvonne, as she called her young assistant, of whom she was very fond. The sound of their footsteps and even of their voices re-echoed strangely in the empty hall and rooms, so lately filled with a noisy crowd, and they almost felt as if they must whisper to each other. In spite of themselves a sort of creepy feeling came over them as they stopped to shut up the empty schoolrooms and dormitories.

"You had better sleep on the couch in my room to-night, Yvonne," said Mademoiselle

kindly, "you will find it too lonesome in that great dormitory all by yourself."

"Oh, thank you, Mademoiselle," said the girl gratefully, for she had been dreading that lonely night.

After partaking of their unusually quiet meal in the deserted-looking refectory, they were both glad to go up to Melle Meudon's pretty bedroom and sat for a long time talking over the events of the day and wondering what the next year would bring. They felt rather sad to think that several of their favorite girls had finished their schooling and would not be returning, and as Yvonne was beginning to shed a few tears over parting with them, Mademoiselle turned the conversation to their journey of the morrow and the joy Yvonne would have at being home again. Yvonne was always delighted to talk about her beloved Brittany and its manners and customs and . . . superstitions; in many of which she firmly believed.

"I know you will laugh at it, Mademoiselle," she was saying, "but it is a fact that every family has its well known signal to warn them when some absent member of the family has died. In our family, it is a long, loud thud, which cannot be accounted for in any way. It is just the warning some one of us has died."

Mademoiselle smiled incredulously.

"You don't believe in it, Mademoiselle. Well neither did a cousin of mine who was staying in Paris. Once, in the middle of the night, he heard a heavy thud and thought that an old drunkard living upstairs had fallen, but the next day he got a letter to say his uncle's son-in-law had fallen from his horse and been killed. Then he knew it was the signal."

"I think it was undoubtedly the old drunkard falling," laughed Melle.

"But, Mademoiselle, you see. . . oh!!!!. . ." she added with a low cry of terror, "there it is!"

Both ladies had sprung to their feet as a long, loud thud re-echoed through the empty house. It seemed to come from the garret above.

"That is no signal," exclaimed prosaic Mademoiselle. "Thieves must have got into the house and are ransacking the trunks up there. Well, they shall stay there anyhow," and springing into the corridor, she shut and bolted the heavy garret door.

When she got back to her room she found that Yvonne had flung herself desperately onto the couch and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"It. . . it must be mother!" she gasped. "My sister said in her last letter that mother had a cold, and it. . . must have. . . turned to pneumonia. . . Oh! I had so looked forward. . . to being with her. . . again! and now. . . I shall never see her any more! . . . Oh, mother! . . . darling mother!"

It was in vain that Mademoiselle argued with her, laughed at her, scolded her, told her she was sinning by giving way to superstition, took her in her arms and tried to cheer her up. Yvonne refused to be comforted.

"Now listen, Yvonne," said Mademoiselle at last, "you are just overtired and overwrought by the work and excitement of the last few days or you wouldn't be so unreasonable. I feel sure it is some man who has got into the house, but he cannot hurt us because I have bolted him in the garret, and to-morrow morning I will send first thing for the *garde champetre* (rural guard) and have him arrested, and then you will see that it was no uncanny signal. When I went to shut the garret door, I distinctly heard steps up there. Go to bed like a good child, for we must get up almost by daybreak to-morrow to catch the train."

So both of them undressed and went to bed. After sobbing an hour or more, Yvonne finally went to sleep. But there was no sleep for Mademoiselle, for to her overwrought nerves all the house was full of suspicious noises. Every now and then the stairs creaked so that she felt sure someone was stealthily creeping upstairs and her heart thumped so that it drowned all other sounds. Could the robber or robbers have got out through the garret window and made their way into the house? Would they come and murder them in their beds? What could she do? Bernadette, who slept at the other end of a long corridor, had probably heard nothing, for she always slept like a log. No, she could not call her; the only thing to do was to wait till morning, but would morning ever come! Mademoiselle assured herself that her door was well locked, then she lit her lamp, shading it so that it should not wake Yvonne who still sobbed and moaned occasionally in her

sleep, and determined to sit up and watch the rest of the night. At last the dawn began to appear and soon it was broad daylight for the nights are very short in Normandy in July, and before four o'clock in the morning the farmers are already at work in the fields. Things never seem so bad when it is light and Melle Meudon began to regain her composure and washed and dressed herself ready for her journey.

At last it was half past four and Melle heard Bernadette come along the corridor and go down to the kitchen. Never did a Beethoven Symphony sound more beautiful to a lover of music than did Bernadette's ponderous step and clatter in the kitchen sound to Melle Meudon's ears that morning. Bidding Yvonne get up and dress quickly, Melle went down stairs and told Bernadette of their fright. The good woman was as scornful and incredulous at the idea of a burglar as at that of a signal, and it was with difficulty her mistress persuaded her to go and fetch the country policeman, Isidore, who lived close by. He came, however, armed with his badge, his cap, and his gun, and, laughing not a little over the matter, went up to the garret door followed by Bernadette, armed with a pitchfork, while the two ladies watched from a safe distance.

With a flourish the policeman opened the heavy door and fairly gave a jump himself as out bounced Bernadette's beloved cat, mewing loudly in protest at having been shut up when

she was only doing her duty catching rats and mice.

"Ha! ha! ha! here is your terrible burglar!" cried Isidore mockingly. "Does Mademoiselle wish me to take him to the lock up? My handcuffs are rather too big for him, but I might take him by the scruff of the neck!"

"You dare touch my cat and I'll run my pitchfork into you," laughed Bernadette, menacing him with her weapon.

But their laughter was interrupted by sobs from Yvonne who cried:

"You see, Mademoiselle, it was not a burglar, but my signal after all."

"Nonsense, child," answered Mademoiselle, "let us go up and see what made the noise."

And there, in the middle of the garret, was a great big old trunk lying half open on its side.

"Why, if it ain't Marie Saintard's empty trunk!" exclaimed Bernadette. "I told Melle Amicie it wasn't safe there, when she insisted on putting it on top of the others."

"So after all, there was neither signal nor burglar," laughed Mademoiselle, "nothing but a cat and a trunk! Well, it has taught me a lesson. Next time I hear a noise, I can tell you, I'll go and *see* what caused it."

"And in the meantime, you ladies had better eat your breakfast, else it will be the train that will be giving the signal and going off without you. Them things waits for nobody," said Bernadette.

Light in Darkness

MINNIE MORTIMER*

WHICH of us is without sorrow? What man or woman has not a cross to bear of some sort? Strange to say—yet not strange, if viewed in the proper light, those who carry the heaviest burdens are usually the most cheerful.

I knew a cripple, a dear friend, who suffered most cruelly. Added to her sufferings she had

to work hard for her living; never knew what it was to enjoy a real long holiday.

On she plodded, year in, year out, bravely, patiently. And the brightest thing about her was her smile, and her chief characteristic, her extraordinary flow of spirits. Yet often her sufferings were intense—in the midst of her mirth. But she never spoke of them. Her merriment was her camouflage!

What was the secret of Annie's wonderful buoyancy, even during those moments of interior anguish? Through the night of her trials,

* The author of these thoughts sent this manuscript to THE GRAIL several years ago shortly before death claimed her as its victim.—EDITOR.

her sufferings, stars shone down, just as we see God's planets shining in the dark firmament. How beautiful they are!—sprinkled like jewels over the heavens, reminding us of angels' eyes watching over all! Annie's 'stars' were the numerous graces and benefits she received from Our Lord. They shone on her pathway; lent her strength, light, happiness. And now she is with Him. Her night is ended; His smile shines on her forever. We, too, shall find stars in our night of sorrow. God never leaves us without them.

THE BLIND THAT SEE

The man born blind! Who has never seen the wonders of creation: the kind faces of those dear to him; the children sporting in the sunshine. He, in perpetual darkness, mentally gazes on many bright and wonderful stars. They show him a light that not one of us seeing ones can possibly conceive or describe. He sees visions of extraordinary beauty. Fair blossoms of this earth are surpassed in tint and shape by those pictured by his imagination. He sees even the common things—objects—of this life, according to his own conception. He is never in darkness; the sense of another sight is his—a great, a wonderful gift.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH

What more beautiful, more consoling, than the glorious light of Faith—that Star which sheds its lustre over the earth, brightening even its darkest corner!

A woman whose husband was a drunkard led a sad, sad life. Her home was miserably poor. Peace was unknown there. Her children went about wretchedly clad; their faces pinched, their bodies emaciated for want of proper nourishment. The poor mother often carried a bruise, inflicted by him in his drunken frenzy. But she did not lose hope. She was a Catholic. Night and day she, on her knees, implored God to convert him. Her little ones followed her example. A bright Star shone on their uplifted faces. Its light penetrated their souls, comforted them. God was their Star. The darkest night the poor woman ever experienced—when grief urged her almost to despair, and demons assailed her, and hate and fear and wretchedness tortured her whole being—was

never without that wonderful, beautiful Light that led her to seek Him humbly, trustfully, through all her wrongs.

THE MORNING STAR

In the meadows, in early morning, walked a young girl, clad in peasant's garb. Her head was sunk on her breast. She was in deep thought, in sore distress. She was obliged to work hard in the fields all day and leave a suffering mother at home. The poor young thing felt sick at heart herself, having to forsake one so dear to her, and who she felt needed her care. But duty had to be done. She was the breadwinner. A younger sister was left in charge of the patient while the eldest worked out of doors.

Poor Marie's tears fell fast as she trod the meadow, carpeted with fair blossoms of spring. Of a sudden she looked up. In the blue sky she perceived a bright, luminous star. The Morning Star! Immediately her thoughts flew to Mary. Invoking Her under that sweet title, she lifted her heart to Heaven's Queen; laid her burden, like a tired child, at Her feet, and received a Mother's blessing and kind assurance of help and protection. Which of us Catholics has not experienced the mildness, the motherliness, the love of Mary, in all our griefs and joys?

BROTHER AND SISTER

But sometimes our burden, our daily cross, if patiently borne, becomes our brightest star! There is a story of a brother and sister, twins; alike in looks, but sadly unlike in disposition. The boy was gentle, lovable, obedient; the girl the reverse. Even when a little one, she was a sore trial to her parents. Her ways were wilful, her moods trying, her temper violent. The brother, who loved her dearly, sought by every means he could think of to win her from her sinfulness. In vain. Though fond of him, her proud, obstinate nature refused to bend; no persuasion of his could ever change her.

Time passed; she grew to womanhood. The brother married; she too. Hers was an unhappy match. In her grief and despair she ran away from her unworthy husband, intending to destroy herself. During these years the brother had never ceased to pray for her. Never a

night he did not whisper her name in God's ear. Never a morning he did not plead for her with Mary, begging Her to save her poor child. This wayward sister was indeed a heavy cross, a bitter trial. Gradually, however, it began to lighten. Hope shone in his Night of Sorrow. God was his hope.

One day he received a sad message. His sister was dead. She died quite suddenly. The brother's heart was torn with grief. He knew her sinful state, and asked himself had she died unrepentant? He made several inquiries, but was unable to glean any details of her death. Then he began to pray with extra fervor. He put his trust in God.

DEATH OF A SAINT

While praying one day, his soul seemed suddenly plunged in darkness. He could only think that Emilie, his dear sister, was lost—lost

eternally. Horrified at this fearful supposition—it seemed, indeed, to be reality—he cast himself at the feet of God, begging His aid, His mercy. Then, through the darkness, he, in mental vision, saw a bright light shining. 'Twas the spirit of his sister, and she stood at the gate of Paradise.

"I am saved," she said; "saved by your prayers, dear brother. I died in God's grace." And her Guardian Angel whispered, "She died the death of a saint."

The vision gradually faded, but all through life she shone on him, like a bright star lighting up his pathway, illumining the darkness of night when it gathered upon him. How happy he was to know that she was safe with God!

And he thought of the heavy cross he, in patience, had borne for her sake, and counted it as nothing. Nothing? Ah, no! It was changed into a bright, unfading crown of glory—her crown in Paradise.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

Scaramelli feels that the readiness of the will to perform whatever concerns the honor and service due God constitutes the very essence of devotion; and when that is joined with the desire to know God's will and to follow it, we have an ideal situation for growth in sanctity. In *The Living Apostolate* (page 38ff.) Abbe Chautard emphasizes the necessity for renewing often our resolution of acting for God, of leaving success solely to God, of keeping free from anxiety in order to be alone with Jesus Christ, of being at all times peaceful and self-possessed, of offering one's labor for God's honor and glory, of never undertaking what is beyond our strength, of seeing the will of God in everything, and other such ramifications of surrendering oneself to the will of God. Five years after having been a freshman engineer a young man writes.

In the matter of resignation to God, I seem to feel every day that I am gaining in my willingness, my eagerness to be

bound by it; and I pray my feeling is right. It is unbelievable how homesick I've been these last few weeks for Notre Dame. And I never knew a feeling of homesickness for home at any time I was away from it. The only way I've been able to overcome this attack and keep bitterness from absolutely overwhelming me is to tell myself that had God wanted me to go back to Notre Dame, He would have let me go. I am led to wonder if I shouldn't pray often for light to see the will of God and courage to follow it. Since God is all-knowing, all just, am I not presumptuous to tell Him what I want, particularly when, admittedly, I am not sure what I do want?

Closely associated with the idea of resignation to the will of God is, of course, that of patience, brought to a youth's attention in an unusual way. To his paper "A Spring Idyl," the student added a statement that, until he learned patience, only God would know that his seeming virtue was but disguised impatience.

Attracted by the flames of burning grass near St. Mary's Lake, I rounded it to come,

this side of Dujarie, upon a Brother ploughing.

In trimming the trees near the path encircling the Lake practically every other butternut sapling had been cut down. Numerous branches and clusters of twigs cluttered the ground all about. One of the more forked branches had been thrown off a path into the field in which the Brother was ploughing. The horses became entangled in it before the driver was aware. He stopped the horses, disentangled the branch from the harness, and carried it to a large heap of wire near by. The horses stood quietly while he was freeing them and until he encouraged them to commence ploughing.

The patience with which the Brother removed the obstruction, the calmness with which the horses stood until encouraged to continue their work, and the absence of exclamations, blaming, or fault-finding on the part of the driver made me think. Where did the Brother get his control—of the animals, of his feelings? I found an answer while watching him resume his work. Putting the reins around his body, he grasped the handles of the plough but kept a thumb and forefinger free to tell his beads. As he tramped behind the plough he said the rosary.

I am still thinking about the incident.

In close accord with the virtue of patience is the realization that one step is enough for each of us; and with that idea we shall close this series dealing with the conferences. We may well stop here because thus far Father Donahue has conducted the meetings. The stimulus students got from the Question Box inaugurated during the last three conferences would furnish material for another article. Their reaction to a conference on Newman's *Second Spring*, whose background was appropriately compared with the situation in Mexico, the inspiring questions that followed a talk on "Faith and Light," and the admirable discussion of the Catholic as business man, with which our pre-Lenten conferences closed, all contributed to the students' feeling that when the next series began they would plan to be present. During Lent, of course, the Wednesday evening sermon took the place of the Monday night meeting.

Having thought over the ideas presented in the discussion of one step enough—confidence, no worry about the future, those who heard

Father Donahue's last talk could appreciate this description of the ideal from *Victims of Love* (p. 69):

Outwardly, after the dark night, the new life is the same ordinary, commonplace existence that it was before. *The nearer one approaches to God, the more ordinary is the external seeming.* During the long apprenticeship our defects come to forefront; but in the salutary deep waters of the dark night all that was unsightly has been washed away, and we have emerged quiet, with a normal holiness which approaches somewhat to the heavenly life we shall have in eternity.

That the Conferences did not have obstacles to meet, no one would expect. That negative forces, similar to those which try to intimidate daily communicants, were at work, we may well believe. Nor were such situations without humor. The author of the next paper was leaving the Library after having attended his first conference when a cynic said, "So you are afraid of teacher's record book"—intimating that he attended the meeting because at the next meeting of our class I would ask to see the hands of those who were there. (Throughout the year students get many opportunities of finding out whether or not they would lie if tempted.) Christian reported the encounter thus: "When he said that, quick as a flash, I let him have my left right in the jaw. I know I wasn't Christian; but neither was he, for he didn't turn the other cheek. And now that he knows how I feel about it, I want you to know that I didn't go in order to get a grade."

His paper on "Why I do not Attend the Lectures" I quote in part.

I am not the kind to let all go unheeded. I was ignorant of the first lecture. The second one I decided to try. I went, I heard it, I liked it. It may have been the smile on the part of the teacher or more probably the remark outside the library. "You're getting wise, are you?" "Wise to what?" was my answer. "To teacher's record book," was the next one. I was "stumped." My anger overcame my nerve control and a left slipped.

The lecture was really very interesting as well as instructive. I like these religious instructions in this way or any other. In fact, I came to Notre Dame for religion as much as other things. My course is offered

at Rensselaer Polytec in my own state, with very high recommendation throughout the world.

The speaker showed so much talent and previous knowledge along with his fine personality and simple diction that I did not want him to stop when he did. . . .

I missed the third lecture because of the success I didn't achieve. Of course, it is hard to come out from downtown at night, but it is possible. I proved that by going to the second one. I intend to attend the rest of the lectures from now on and absorb the material therein. I think this statement will accomplish its aim: to make clear that I am working for no marks. If this had been said before the third lecture I would have felt eased of the cause and attended the third one also. Now that it is said, I feel ready to go to all succeeding lectures.

The *Religious Bulletin* takes care of the cynic in this way:

It is easy to be sour; but why rob life of what sweetness it possesses? One can be mad at the world and say bitter things when the adversities of life try his spirit. It is easy enough to question human honesty and sincerity, but what does one get out of it? Hatred and envy rarely hurt anyone but their possessor.

It is easy to be flippant, even with sacred things, but why rob life of the only safeguard against pessimism, which is Christian hope? Mark Twain was flippant, even blasphemous, and his last years were turned over to the bitterest pessimism; God had given him a beautiful sense of humor, but he turned it against God and against hope, and he paid the penalty of his own life.

These considerations are prompted by a sophomore paper on the Michelangelo's "Last Judgment." The writer has attempted to be cynical and flippant. He is silly now; but if he does not listen to the promptings of good sense, he will be a bitter old man. Another member of the same class made this meditation after studying the picture (which hangs outside the Sorin chapel):

"Hell! How many times is this word used daily by many? Countless, perhaps; but do they think of what they are saying? The portrayal of the tortures of hell in this picture give us a new aspect. 'Hell' is an old term, and people seem to be getting used to hearing it. Perhaps they may be accustomed to it in this life, but *never* in the next. A little meditation on the

lower right-hand corner of this picture should make any wayward one change his views."

Still another sophomore made this reflection: "One can hardly blame the condemned for hiding their faces. . . . The whole picture furnishes enough food for meditation to last one an eternity of Lents; and when one considers that everyone will be there including oneself, it is surely, to say the least, something to think about. Indeed, with a few artists like Michelangelo in place of some of our modern writers, there would be a little less atheism and paganism in our modern scheme of things."

One readily recognizes the conflict of interests during football season and among three thousand men. A freshman calls his observation on the matter. "For God, Country, and Notre Dame."

Last evening I was very much impressed by the actions of more than half of the freshman engineering group. At six-thirty, there was scheduled a pep meeting in the gym. At seven o'clock, it had been announced, there would be a religious conference in the library. It was quite evident that one could not attend both. I am sorry to say the majority attended the pep meeting and trooped into the library in the middle of a very enlightening speech.

Should we work for God, then for country, and then for Notre Dame's benefit? The majority seem to wish to work for football and after they have that finished, to turn their attention toward God.

We are expected to make sacrifices, many sacrifices for the sake of adoring God. Therefore the engineers should have forgotten their hilarity and should have made a visit to the library for the purpose of hearing a noted man speak the word of God.

In his *Letters* (edited by Bernard Holland, page 306), Baron von Hugel makes pertinent suggestions concerning antipathies which may have point in this connection.

The wise way to fight antipathies is *never* to fight them directly—turn gently to other rights, images, thoughts, etc. If it—the hate—persists, bear it gently like a fever or toothache—do not speak of it—better not to speak of it even to God; but gently turn to Him your love and life, and tell Him gently that you want Him—all of Him: and that you beg for courage whilst He thus leaves you dressed, or see-

ing yourself dressed in what you do not want to indorse as a will—decision, but only as purgation if so He wills. It is an itch—scratching makes it worse. A way out into God's great world—even if your immediate landscape is just your unlovely antipathies.

That section of the book amplifies strikingly what we have been saying concerning the intelligence of striving to be as a little child—confident, trustful—encouraging the growth of simplicity and generosity of soul, avoiding all straining, seeking daily, hourly death to self through denial.

Earlier in the volume (page 37), von Hugel records the source (for him) of the very objective we sought in offering the series of conferences to the students.

It was Newman who first taught me to glory in my belonging to the Roman Catholic Church and to conceive this my inheritance in a large and historical manner, as a slow growth across the centuries, with an innate affinity to, and eventual incorporation of, all the good and true to be found mixed up with error, and with evil in this chequered, difficult but rich world and life in which this living organism moves and expands.

Certain phases of that objective I have not shown because of lack of space. However, our text (*Orientation Notes and Outlines for Catholic Schools*) surveys and outlines the history of culture with the objective of giving the students a Catholic sense—the ability to see eye to eye with the Catholic Church on all life's questions. In addition, the *Religious Bulletin*, which appears on the Campus daily except Sunday, supplements and complements the goals of our teaching (whether it be in pulpit or conference, in classroom or on the play ground). As fitting conclusion to this discussion I can focus our argument by including a *Bulletin* addressed to "alumni, old students, neighbors, friends-of-the-family, and other guests," November 5, 1927—Home-coming.

"Yes, this is Notre Dame—the Notre Dame of 1927—an unfolding and logical development of the Notre Dame of 1842. This is the school whose football teams are so popular; why, mothers hock their jewels and children go supperless to bed to see these teams in action. This is the school that has put entrancing teams before the

public almost ever since football was; whether with fourteen men or fourteen hundred on the squad, Notre Dame teams have always had something nervy and life-size about them.

"This is also the very mysterious school that writers guess so much about. It is primitive, and the primitive always intrigues; it is old-fashioned, and the old-fashioned is quite likely to cause bewilderment; it is reactionary, and the reactionary excites the curiosity of the mob because it is unusual. And the school does not put out a lot of dope about itself. It has its secrets, and it is quite content to let the literary public guess at them. But to-day, for the edification of its guests and the protection of its students, it will make public a secret or two.

"This university is so primitive that it believes in God, a personal God, in one Nature and Three Divine Persons—and it retains that primitive belief and acts on it in spite of the learned Doctors of Science and Doctors of Philosophy, "deans and sub-deans" (to quote a local authority), psychiatrists and gunmen who think or act to the contrary.

"It is so old-fashioned that it still believes in the sacredness of womanhood, and it places the figure of a Woman, in the modest attire that becomes a Virgin and Mother, on the highest pedestal it can find. And it retains the belief in the sacredness of womanhood in spite of all the novelists and lecturers, judges and theatrical producers, biologists and boulevard hounds in the world.—Yes, in spite of women themselves who stalk forward to claim for their sisters a right to debauch without responsibilities.

"It is reactionary in that it still believes in God-given authority, whether that authority be vested in parents, in teacher, in governors of states, or in the Vicar of Christ on earth. It will not admit that the children should run the home, that students should boss their teachers, that citizens should defy the State or make their own laws with guns, that men should make their own religion.

"Now when an institution like this lags so far behind the popular procession, it is but natural that it would have to use considerable moral force at times to put by the help of well-meaning but stupid people who would try to bring it up with the times. And since its students come with such widely-divergent training, it is natural that it should have a constant struggle

(Continued on page 269)

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Hammes, of Monterey, Indiana, who celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary in August, have given to the service of God in the Church seven children. Of these, two sons are priests in the Diocese of Fort Wayne and five daughters are religious. The jubilee Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Theodore J. Hammes, pastor of St. Matthew's Church at South Bend, Indiana, with the Rev. Joseph Hammes, assistant at Crown Point, as deacon of the Mass. One daughter is in the Franciscan Order, while four others are Sisters of St. Agnes. Father Theodore Hammes, who was ordained in 1912, made his course in philosophy and theology at St. Meinrad Seminary.

—A special train from Terre Haute to Chicago conveyed 500 Sisters of Providence, about one fourth of the community, from the mother house at St. Mary-of-the-Woods to their numerous schools in and near Chicago.

—In mid-August a national Eucharistic Congress was held in Copenhagen, Denmark. This was the first assembly of its kind ever held there, and the first great Catholic function to take place in that country since the Protestant Reformation. Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, celebrated Pontifical High Mass on Aug. 21 under the clear sky. An immense throng took part in the procession through the streets of the city with the Blessed Sacrament. The Church is gradually gaining ground in Scandinavia. Long ago Lutheranism robbed the people of their faith. Eventually the "Lord of Hosts" in His sacramental presence will again be permitted to traverse the streets of all the cities in Europe. For centuries this privilege has been denied Him, whose delight is to be among the children of men.

—The ever-popular ex-Governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith, who would have been elected President of the United States four years ago, had it not been for the Catholic faith, which he lives as well as professes, has now accepted the position of editor on the *New Outlook*, a non-political, non-partisan, monthly magazine.

—The Salvatorian Fathers have opened a college at Menominee in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. A vacant military academy has been leased from the city for that purpose. This academy will be given to the Society under certain stipulated conditions, the principal of which is to maintain an enrollment of 500. Jordan College, the name by which the new institution will be known, after the Very Rev. Dr. Francis Jordan, founder of the Society, is to be coeducational and will be open to young men and young women irrespective of religious affiliation. This venture is a departure from the beaten path in Catholic educational circles. We hope that it may accomplish much good.

—A colored non-Catholic of New York, Willie N. Huggins, won the degree of doctor of philosophy at

Fordham University, New York. Dr. Huggins is said to be the sixty-eighth American Negro to acquire this degree and the first to receive it from a Catholic University.

—At the Catholic teachers' institute, which is held annually at Boston, more than 1500 religious teachers were in attendance this summer. Thirty religious communities and forty-six parochial schools of the archdiocese were represented.

—The Sisters of the Incarnate Word now have perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at their motherhouse in Alamo Heights, San Antonio, Texas.

Benedictine

—It is worthy of note that twin brothers, Richard and Robert Kirschner, were invested on August 14 with the habit of St. Benedict at St. Martin's Abbey at Lacey in the state of Washington. The twins are preparing for the priesthood.

—The Very Rev. Magnus Hermanutz, O. S. B., for the past nine years pastor of St. Boniface Church, Minneapolis, has been named Prior of St. John's Abbey to succeed the Very Rev. Basil Stegmann, O. S. B. The new Prior was born Aug. 27, 1875; he was professed as a Benedictine Aug. 15, 1898; the priesthood was conferred upon him June 11, 1903.

—A two-months' course in liturgy and Gregorian chant opened on Aug. 22 at the Archabbey of Beuron in Germany.

—A department of nursing education in the graduate school of arts and science has been opened at the Catholic University with Sister Olivia, O. S. B., as director. Sister Olivia, who is a native of Minnesota, is a graduate of St. Mary's Hospital at Duluth. After serving in St. Mary's Hospital as head nurse and instructor, then as superintendent of nurses, and finally as superintendent of the hospital for ten years, she was transferred to Washington, D. C., in 1926, where, in conjunction with Dr. Thomas V. Moore, O. S. B., she opened St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts for mentally retarded children. This school has done splendid work in developing and educating the mentally retarded.

—August 26th was a day of rejoicing for the monks of Buckfast Abbey, Devon, England, for on that day their spacious abbey church was consecrated with elaborate ceremonies, in which forty-five bishops and mitred abbots took part. A great concourse of the laity was also present. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne was delegated to represent the Holy Father. The private Masses began at a very early hour. The ceremonies of the consecration lasted eight hours. Fifteen altars were consecrated by the visiting prelates. The Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, Dom Fidelis de Stotzingen, who had come from Rome, was consecrator of St. Gertrude's altar. The Abbot of Subiaco

in Italy, where St. Benedict spent the first three years of his religious life in solitude high up the mountain-side in the cave, now known as the *Sacro Specu*, consecrated St. Martin's altar.—Prominent in the sanctuary during the ceremonies was Brother Peter, the foreman of the five builders of the great abbey church, carried the miter for Abbot Anscar Vonier, who is superior of the Buckfast community.—Among the 10,000 visitors in attendance were a brother and five sisters of Abbot Anscar. Among these latter were Mrs. Reindl and Mrs. Lehrbauner of Milwaukee, also two married sisters from South Germany, and the fifth a Sister of the Assumption Convent in Paris. Abbot Vonier, well-known throughout the English-speaking world as a writer of spiritual books, is a native of Wuerttemberg in South Germany, but he has long been a naturalized citizen of England.

—The Rt. Rev. Alfred Koch, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania, returned recently from an official visit to the Catholic University of Peking, China.

—Three ordinations to the priesthood took place in the chapel of the University at Peking in June. Dom Hugh Wilt, O. S. B., and Dom Columban Gross, O. S. B., both formerly of St. Vincent's Archabbey, and Dom Edward Chrisman, O. S. B., formerly of Subiaco, Arkansas, were ordained priests by the Apostolic Delegate. Dom Nicholas Scoville, O. S. B., who was likewise originally from St. Vincent's, was raised to the subdiaconate on the same occasion.

—New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas has a new Prior in the person of Father Ignatius Bodmayr, O. S. B., who succeeds Father Basil Egloff, O. S. B. Prior Ignatius, who was rector of the college and the scholasticate at Subiaco, was born July 10, 1892. On Oct. 7, 1917, he made his profession as a Benedictine and was ordained May 28, 1922.

—The ancient Abbey of Engelberg in Switzerland, which was founded in 1082, will this fall send three priests to the mission territory of Cameroon in West Africa for the purpose of instructing the natives there and of eventually establishing a foundation on the dark continent. Engelberg is represented in the United States by two abbeys: Conception in Missouri and Mount Angel in Oregon, founded in 1873 and 1882 respectively.

—Word comes from the Prefect Apostolic of Yenki, Korea, the Rt. Rev. Theodore Breher, O. S. B., that the Rev. Conrad Rapp, O. S. B., who was killed on June 5th, had been brutally murdered by Japanese troops, who beat him unmercifully, and then shot him twice. The dead body was then barbarously stabbed in thirty-five places.

—At the twenty-fourth general chapter of the American Cassinese Congregation, which convened in St. Procopius Abbey (in August) at Lisle, Illinois, not far west of Chicago, the Rt. Rev. Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., was elected President of the Congregation to succeed the Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmstetter, O. S. B., of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J. The latter had been in office

eighteen years. The American Cassinese Congregation has thirteen abbeys in the United States, one in Canada, a canonical priory in Cleveland, and a priory with novitiate at the Catholic University of Peking in China.

—Dom Ursmer Berlière, O. S. B., a well-known monk of Maredsous Abbey in Belgium, died on Aug. 27. The deceased was born Sept. 3, 1861; he was professed Aug. 15, 1882; and the priesthood was conferred upon him Sept. 1886. Dom Ursmer founded the Belgian Historical Institute of Rome and was for a time chief librarian of the Royal Library of Brussels. He was, moreover, a member of the Belgian Historical Commission. When death overtook him he was engaged on the monastic and the religious history of Belgium. From the copious notes that he left, his brethren of Maredsous will continue the work where he left off.

—Among the students enrolled in the high-school department of St. Benedict's College at Atchison, Kansas, is "Billy" Rockne, eldest son of the late Knute Rockne, renowned football coach at Notre Dame University. It will be recalled that Mr. Rockne met his death on the prairies of Kansas while flying to the west coast. The airplane was wrecked, bringing death to the passengers.

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

(Continued from page 267)

to hold to old-fashioned principles. Its chief ally in this struggle is its cloister, the cloister which you enter to-day. It is the hope of this school that if it can cloister a boy for four years from the ways of the world and can give him a demonstration of the workability of its principles, it can send him out ready to pay his tribute to Caesar without losing his soul.

"Each year we try to give the boys a principle to guide them and direct their efforts; this year it is the popular wise crack: *"Be yourself."* The great god Bluff is receiving much incense in these days when embezzlement is canonized and home-wrecking glorified. A very little study of human nature shows that a great number of boys and a very much greater number of girls go wrong each year because they want to appear more wicked than they really are.—And if our guests to-day will keep this little motto in mind and simply *be themselves*, they can visit our cloister without violating it, and we will thank them from the bottom of our hearts for the edification they have given us."

THE END

Nothing defiled shall enter heaven; why, then, should the Maker of heaven enter the heart defiled by sin?

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

I read some time ago the expression "Saint Andrew's Cross." Will you kindly explain what that means?—Chicago, Ill.

The Saint Andrew's Cross is shaped like the letter X and derives its name from the fact that the Apostle Saint Andrew is said to have been crucified on that kind of a cross.

Would you recommend to Catholics the magazines "The Bookman" and the "Atlantic Monthly"? I do read the Catholic World.—Oak Terrace, Minn.

The editor is glad that you do read the "Catholic World." The two other magazines are not condemned by the Church. Occasionally both magazines carry articles that are not the best of reading matter for the general run of Catholic people. May we suggest the reading of the Jesuit publication "America" which covers beautifully the matters found in the two magazines you mention?

What does the Tiara which the Pope wears signify?—Toledo, Ohio.

The Tiara is a threefold crown and signifies the Holy Father's threefold office of teacher, lawgiver, and judge.

Is Sir Philip Gibbs a convert? Was he a Catholic when he wrote the book on the war, "Now It Can Be Told"? Published 1920? Would you recommend it?—Oak Terrace, Minn.

Your KWEERY KORNER editor must confess that he is not aware that Sir Philip Gibbs is a convert. Regarding the book you mention, it has been read by your editor and he would not recommend it without qualifications. Parts of it are very good, others very unreliable. And the editor speaks from his own military experience during the great conflict.

May I ask what was the real name of the Cure d'Ars?—Denver, Colo.

His name was John Baptist Vianney.

Would you please explain about the fast days in Lent? Why does the priest omit the Credo in some Masses?—Duluth, Minn.

Concerning the first question may we suggest that you pay careful attention to the Lenten regulations that are read every year in your own church at the beginning of the Lenten season. The Liturgy of the Church has so arranged the prayers of the Mass that on certain days the Credo is not said in Mass. It would be impossible to give all the cases here, but suffice it to mention that as a general rule the Credo is said in Masses in honor of Our Lord, the Apostles and Masses proper to the seasons of the year. The Credo is omitted as a rule in the Masses of Martyrs, Virgins, Confessors, and all black Masses. There are, of course, some exceptions to both rules given above.

I wish to ask if the name Sandy could by any means be taken from the name of a Saint?—Detroit, Mich.

Surprising as it may seem, Yes. Sandy is much used in Scotland and is a contraction of the name Alexander. Of course, there are many Saints with the name of Alexander.

If a non-Catholic, who wishes to enter the Church, but as yet has not done so, says the rosary or other prayers, do they benefit him?—Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

It will all depend upon why the non-Catholic in question does not enter the Church at once. Deliberately to postpone conversion to the Church when one is convinced it is the true Church is to remain in bad faith before God and then it becomes a question as to how much benefit is derived from the recitation of the rosary or other prayers. However, keep right on saying the rosary and all the prayers you can—perhaps fidelity to prayer may move immediately the obstacles to speedy conversion.

Is it true that Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus Stories" was a Catholic?—Sedalia, Mo. Joel Chandler Harris, whom you mention, was a convert to Catholicism.

Please tell us who is the Patron Saint of beekeepers.—St. Joseph, Ky.

Your editor has not been able to find a saint directly considered the Patron of beekeepers. However, Saint Isidore has been invoked for centuries past by those interested in the industry you mention.

I used to help as sacristan in a large church and noticed several times that one of the priests had four "wings" on his biretta, whilst the other priests only had three. Will you please explain the difference?—Toronto, Canada.

The ordinary biretta has only three wings, the one on the left side being missing. Only a priest who is a Doctor of Sacred Theology is permitted to wear a biretta with four wings. It follows, therefore, that the priest whom you mention in your question bore the above mentioned title.

Is it true that a Catholic founded the present West Point Academy?—Buffalo, N. Y.

Yes, the military Academy at West Point was founded by Kosciusko, the Polish Catholic patriot.

What are the symbols of the Apostles and their meaning?—Kansas City, Mo.

To save space your editor will merely give the name of the Apostle, his symbol and meaning as briefly as possible: Peter, Crossed Keys, Primacy; Andrew, Transverse Cross, Martyrdom; Bartholomew, Knife, Martyrdom; James (Great), Staff, Pilgrimage; James (Less), Fuller's Club, Martyrdom; John, Eagle, Gospel Symbol; Jude, Knotted Club, Martyrdom; Luke, Ox, Gospel Symbol; Mark, Lion, Gospel Symbol; Matthew, Money Bag, Tax Collector; Mathias, Lance, Martyrdom; Paul, Sword, Martyrdom; Philip, Column, Martyrdom; Simon, Saw, Martyrdom; Thomas, Lance, Martyrdom; Judas, Purse, Betrayal.

What does the expression a "chaplet" of beads mean?

Strictly speaking, a rosary is really a set of beads consisting of fifteen large and one hundred and fifty small beads. For the sake of convenience the faithful are permitted to carry a third of the real rosary, or five large beads and fifty small beads as we ordinarily find in our day. This one third of a rosary is called a "chaplet of beads."



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight *via* Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

OUR MISSIONS

And now the leaves are being dyed new colors every night, and after they have hung on for a few days, they fly away, hither and thither, until they are at rest in some hollow or behind some sheltered fence or wall. Soon there will not be any more on the trees, and before the month is out, there might even be snow. It begins early in these parts. And meanwhile, school has been going on for a month, and preparations are being made for winter. Sister gets out the winter underthings, gowns, jackets, sweaters, coats, and looks them over, to see if they are in good repair. If not, a corps of girls is brought to the sewing room, and there they diligently sew—join ripped seams, and mend rents and darn worn places. The charity room will have to be gone over too, and adult sizes of clothing picked out, so that when the poor Indian men and women come asking for garments, they will be all ready.

Many of them come for miles to get clothing from the Mission, and many of them must travel miles to get to Mass on Sundays too, through heat, cold, rain, and zero weather. But they have always been used to long trips and hardships and stoical living. The only difference in their lives then and now is, that in the savage state they hunted and had plenty of meat to keep up their strength, while now, they are under-

nourished and half starved. The Indians in the savage state used to train their boys to endure hardships of all kinds—bitter cold and hunger and extreme fatigue. They made the boys walk with them for miles through heavy snowdrifts in the face of biting winds. Sometimes they were caught in a raging blizzard, and often in the deep drifts they lost their moccasins and were compelled to trudge along barefooted! By the time they were men, they were hard as flint and able to endure anything.

But those days are gone now; though the Indian still looks upon his lot stoically and does not complain, so that the missionary can hardly find out if he has any food in the house or not, he is no longer able to endure hardship without becoming ill. With proper food and sufficient clothing and fuel and shelter, he might return to his former robust physique.

Therefore our missions are laboring hard with the children of these once hardy people, teaching them principles of health and sanitation, and endeavoring by proper food to build a good foundation, so that they may grow up to be strong, healthy citizens of our noble country. Our Lord wishes us to "go forth and teach all nations"; He does not wish souls to remain in savagery and ignorance, and He desires that those who already have the great gift of Faith, enlighten those who still sit in darkness. All those who help in this great work are missionaries, for without those who send clothing and money, the priests and sisters at the front could never carry on.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Our good Father Justin has sent an interesting letter. Here it is: "Sister Benedicta was called away for the summer, so your letter to her was turned over to me. The new building is progressing nicely. The outside is being stuccoed and the inside plastered. It will be finished in time for the opening of school on the fifth of September. We have finished this building on credit, the companies furnishing the materials and the contractors requiring no money until this fall. It is all very difficult, since even many of last years' bills are still unpaid. Then, there are so many other things needed. We have to furnish the building. One item that is needed is linoleum for the dormitory. We need very badly five hundred square yards of linoleum. Then there are beds, single beds for our children. We need seventy-five of these, and they cost \$12 each. (Anyone wishing to donate this amount will have a little plate attached with his name on the bed purchased.)

"Last week Father Fintan and I attended the Catholic Indian Congress at Sisseton, South Dakota. The Sisseton Reservation is about two



A QUARTET AT LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

hundred fifty miles from here. Several of the Indians and two of the sisters went along. The Congress was a great success. We saw many of our school children and they were delighted to see us, especially the sisters. According to the outlook there will be over one hundred children from Sisseton alone this year. This means that in spite of having the new building we shall be crowded again."

THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL

WANDA PATCHEN, 7th Grade, I. C. M.

When my grandfather, Major James McLaughlin, was agent at Fort Yates, N. Dak., he received orders from Washington, D. C., to have Sitting Bull caught dead or alive. This Indian Chief was the one who had those terrible sun dances and made the Indians slash and cut their bodies until they dropped dead. The Indian officers and police were sent after Sitting Bull and his band. They rode until evening, when all of a sudden they came upon the Chief. He told his friends that he was going to let them capture him, but his son called him a coward. Then he tried to escape, but alas, a bullet from the gun of Red Tomahawk (one of the Indian police) pierced his heart. And that was the end of Sitting Bull.

SCHOOL OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

ST. MICHAEL, N. DAK.

The above is the new address of Father Ambrose, and he requests that all mail and packages be sent there, as it is now the post office, and Father Damian is the postmaster. At Fort Totten there is only a church now—the one recently built. It is called Seven Dolors or Our Lady of Sorrows Church. So get out your notebooks and put down the new address. But this is only for mail and parcel post. Express and freight packages still go to Fort Totten.

Father Ambrose recently visited St. Louis, Mo., and while there, called upon Clare Hampton and some of his good friends who have been so kind in sending cheering letters and donations in the past. It is a treat to meet our missionaries personally, and hear from their own lips accounts of the doings at their missions. They will also welcome anyone who desires to drive out their way and will show them all around and make their stay enjoyable.

The lighting plant at St. Michael failed awhile ago, and made a deep inroad in Father's funds. Troubles never come singly: A few days later, the well refused to supply water in sufficient quantity for the Mission's needs. All this meant a heavy outlay of funds, which could ill be spared. Father said he could get along for awhile with kerosene lamps, were it not for the pump, stoker, and bread mixer, which require current. So the power plant had to be repaired, and the bill was charged to the Little Flower, in hopes that she would send generous friends to help her Mission.

There are one hundred and twenty-five Indian children at the school, and of these, some are orphans, others worse than orphans, their parents being pagans who refuse to change their lives. Five little children

remained at the school over the summer, as they had nowhere to go. All these children look to Father Ambrose as to a father, and he must provide somehow for all of them. They must have good food, a warm place to live in, and decent clothing to wear. Let us help him in his arduous task.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! comes the cry from this Mission. Send large shoes, small shoes, long ones, wide ones, high ones, low ones—any old kind, just so they are shoes. Look over those in your closets; pick out those you will no longer wear; it does not matter if they are a little scuffed or down at the heel, or if the soles are a little worn. Father Sylvester has an excellent shoe repair shop, manned by several of his boys, and many a worn pair of shoes that comes in charity bundles receives a new lease of life in that department. Anyone having a shoe store, or being in touch with the shoe department of any large store, will confer a great favor upon Father Sylvester, if they will send him the shoes that are obsolete, and that would otherwise be thrown out.

Someone has sent Sister some inner tubes, and she is grateful and would like to have more. They are good for insoles in shoes, rubber bands, door bumpers, for pasting onto the underside of chair legs, and many other uses. A desk is needed for Sister Giovanni's classroom. Anyone having a desk not needed—any style, will find a ready welcome for it out here.

The trees that have been planted every year in spring are gradually beginning to make a showing. Along in April, Father and the boys go down to the Missouri River and dig up a lot of saplings. These they plant around the mission buildings, and although a number of them dry out and die during the hot, rainless summer months, the survivors are beginning to take a good hold, and some day they will have a lot of nice shade around the mission grounds.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Won't someone purchase that silk patch-quilt top that we have been advertising? We will make it \$4.00, and that is a bargain to any woman. Crepe, satin, and taffeta patches, all featherstitched onto unbleached muslin, double-bed size. A nice counterpane for a Colonial boy's-room.

We still have 3 large embroidered scarves, for dresser or buffet, \$1.00 each; (very beautiful work). Smaller scarf, 75¢. Tea towels, embroidered, 25¢ each. Knife and fork case, 35¢. Embroidered tea aprons 75¢. Emb. bolster sham 75¢. Buffet sets, 1 large doily, 2 small, \$1.00. Round luncheon cloth with crocheted edge, \$1.00. Buffet scarfs, \$1.00. Embroidered baby carriage quilts \$1.00 each.

BEADWORK:—Handbags, \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. War club, \$1.00. Adult moccasins, \$3.00 (Give length in inches). Children's moccasins, \$1.25. Babies' 50¢. Small bead purse, 50¢. Smaller bead purse on bead necklace, 35¢. Red hand-painted
(Continued on page 277)



AGNES BROWN HERING

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER

REV. FRANCIS C. YOUNG

ADORATION

On knees bent in rev'rence
we kneel to adore
Our Lord in the Host, Who
as King evermore
With love for His children
has hid 'neath this bread
Attracting a world
to adore, bend its head.

THANKSGIVING

With thanks we're uniting
our voices in praise
For here in Thy presence
our spirits all raise
From sadness to joy
when we learn that through love
Thou comest to us
from Thy home high above.

CONTRITION

With hearts drenched in sorrow
our sins we lament
For if we be mindful
of this Sacrament
We would not in sinfulness
daringly roam
Afar from this altar
where Thou hast Thy home.

PETITION

Oh Bread of the Angels
in Thee let us find
The strength of our souls
and hope of mankind.
Oh bread of the Angels
in Thee let us find
The strength of our souls
and the hope of mankind.

DOMENICO SAVIO

From the Italian by FR. PATRICK, O. S. B.

A short time ago, amid great rejoicing in Rome and in other parts of Italy, Don Bosco was proclaimed a

Saint by the Church. This heroic soul had spent his life laboring among boys and he had accomplished marvelous results. More than one story of his life has been written, and any one of them could be very profitably read. Here, however, I wish to relate the life of one of the boys for whom Don Bosco worked and whose life he himself wrote. In telling why he chose to write of this particular boy, namely, Domenico Savio, in view of the fact that there were many others among his disciples who were models of virtue, the Saint explained that the actions of the others were not equally known nor as beautiful as those of Domenico. Don Bosco wrote this life for the benefit of his other boys that they might say of one of their own what St. Augustine had said of another saint—"If he can become a saint, why not I?"

The short life of our little hero lasted from April 2, 1842, until March 9, 1857. He was born in the small village of Riva di Chieri of parents who were poor but pious. When Domenico was two years old, his parents returned to their former neighborhood and found a home in Murialdo. They were eager to secure a Christian education for their child, who had shown an inclination to true piety. According to his parents, Domenico did not cause the trouble which a baby ordinarily does. As his father returned from work, he ran to him saying, "Dear papa, how tired you are, aren't you? You work so much for me and I am only good to give you trouble. I will pray to the good God that He may give you good health and that He may make me good."

On one occasion a stranger ate at the house of Domenico. Before beginning the meal he said no prayers, and Domenico, not daring to say anything, left the table. Afterwards on being asked by his parents why he had done so, he replied, "I did not dare to take my place at table with one who eats like a beast."

The priest at Murialdo remarked that he was attracted by the serenity and devotion of Domenico, and related how, if he found the church door closed when he came, instead of playing as other boys of his age, Domenico knelt on the church step and prayed. This he did in spite of rain and snow. At this time he was five years old. He was fond of serving Holy Mass and did so most devoutly. When he was seven years old, Domenico was permitted to receive Holy Communion for the first time. It was the custom at that time for children to receive their first Holy Communion only at the age of eleven or twelve, but because of the remarkable piety and learning of Domenico, this excep-

tion was made for him. On the evening before his first Holy Communion he said to his mother, "Mamma, to-morrow I make my first Holy Communion. Forgive me all my faults of the past. For the future I promise to be much better; I will be attentive at school, obedient, docile, and respectful to all you command me."

On the next day the entire ceremony, including confession, and preparation and thanksgiving, lasted five hours. Domenico was the first to enter the church and the last to leave. That was always a memorable day for him. "That," he said, "was a beautiful day and a grand day for me." He made the following resolutions at this time.

- (1) I will go to confession and Holy Communion often.
- (2) I will keep holy the feast days.
- (3) My friends will be Jesus and Mary.
- (4) Death but not sin.

In 1852 the parents of our little saint changed their dwelling once more for another small village, Mondonio. There Domenico attended school. It will be interesting to hear what the school teacher said of him. During twenty years that he had taught school he said that he had never seen the equal of Domenico for his piety. He was diligent and assiduous with his studies as well as kind and agreeable in his manners. The recollection with which he prayed was marvelous for one of his age. The following story will show us better the character of Domenico. One day someone committed a fault in the school, which was serious enough to cause the guilty one to be expelled from the school. Domenico was falsely accused. Instead of declaring his innocence, he bowed his head and kept silence. But on the following day the guilty one was discovered and thus the innocence of Savio was revealed. "Why did you not tell me at once that you were innocent?" asked the teacher of Domenico. "Because," he answered, "I know that the guilty one, having before been in trouble, might be expelled from the school, whereas I might have been forgiven, as it would have been my first offense. And then, besides, I thought of Our Divine Savior who was also falsely accused and silently suffered."

At this time Domenico applied for admission at the Oratorio of St. Francis de Sales, where he was accepted and placed among the boys of Don Bosco. At first he attracted no special attention, but he was seen to be a very exact observer of the rules. He became a favorite among the boys for he was not only pious and studious but he had a charming and pleasing manner of dealing with others. One day an interesting event occurred. Two of the boys had a quarrel which they had determined to settle by means of a brick fight. Domenico tried his best to make peace between the two, but it was of no avail. They were determined. Then he persuaded them to allow him to place one condition, which they permitted, provided that he did not stop the fight. He then led them to a place where the fight could be held, and as they stood with the bricks in their hands, he said, "Now I wish to fulfill the accepted condition," and so saying he held a small crucifix above his head

and added, "I wish that each of you fix your gaze upon this crucifix, and then throwing a brick at me, pronounce the following words: 'Jesus Christ, innocent, died pardoning his persecutors, I a sinner wish to offend Him.'" Having said this, Domenico went to the boy who had been more angry and said, "Commit the first fault against me, hit me with the brick." The surprised boy said that he had nothing against Domenico and therefore he would not hit him. Then Domenico went to the second boy and the result was the same. Domenico then said to them, "How is it that you are ready to do much for me, a miserable creature, and you will not forgive an insult in order to save your soul, which cost the blood of our Savior and which you are going to lose by this sin? Then he was silent, holding still the crucifix. At the sight of this charity and courage the two enemies were both conquered. One of them said later, "I felt my body become cold and I was ashamed to have made a friend, so good as Savio, go to this extreme to make peace between us. Wanting to give him a sign of my sorrow, I pardoned him who had offended me, and I asked Domenico to suggest a priest to whom I could confess."

This was not the only example of Domenico's zeal for souls. He used to conduct other boys to church and to catechism. He taught them how to make the sign of the cross and in order to spur them on to study their catechism he gave them medals, pictures, fruit, or other little things which he was able to obtain. One day Domenico heard a boy swear. He said to him, "Come with me." His beautiful manners conquered the boy, and he accompanied him into a near-by church. Then Domenico said, "Ask the Lord to pardon the offense which you have committed by taking His name in vain." As the boy could not make an act of contrition, Domenico said it along with him. Afterwards he added, "Say these words with me to repair the injury done to Jesus Christ: 'Jesus Christ be praised and may His holy and adorable name be always praised.'"

Domenico's good manners would not permit him to interrupt another person who was speaking. If, however, while the boys were at recreation no one had anything to say, he was always ready with interesting stories which were good recreation. His joyful air as well as his lively nature made him loved by all his companions, including those who were not so much inclined to piety as he. The following example shows his influence with his comrades. One day several of them were listening to a man who began to ridicule holy things and members of the clergy. Domenico said to them, "Let us go away and let this unhappy one alone; he wishes to rob you of your soul." At the wish of their beloved comrade, every one of the boys went with him, leaving the man alone.

(Concluded next month)

LETTER BOX

This month brings a newcomer to the CHILDREN'S CORNER, and we are most happy to introduce to you Miss Mary McDonald of 485 Fifth Avenue, Cedarhurst, Long Island.

Mary was inspired to write when she read Margaret Latchney's letter, thus you see how one good deed inspires another.

Mary entered her third year in high school this month. She says she enjoyed a wonderful vacation, for she had but a few miles to go to the Rockaway Beaches. She will be sixteen December 13, and she wishes to correspond with others near her age. She already has three pen pals but would like others.

Mary has three brothers and two sisters. One brother attends Bishop Laughlin Memorial High and he will be graduated next June. One brother and two sisters attend St. Joachim's grammar school. Then she has a baby brother a year old the 20th of this month, and the darling of the family, without a doubt.

With this introduction there surely will be quite a number who will wish to add Mary's name to their list of pen pals.

In order to stimulate interest in the CORNER we promised to mail two buttons, both a Fidelity and a Busy Bee, or a B-Z-B, to each sending a contribution.

Owing to the bountiful fields and gardens throughout the nation, it seems that the depression so terrible the past year will surely be lightened and we have much for which to thank the good God, so let us be more cheerful and contribute our bit to THE CORNER.

Please, Mary McDonald, write again and tell us more about your home, your church, your school, and the activities of the people who live in your section of the country. When you write again, won't you please use only one side of the sheet of paper. Thank You.

Now, Boys and Girls, pep up! Send a deluge of letters. Send so many we cannot print them all. We'd like to have 100 names to report in the near future.

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier are we.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
The more we get together
The happier are we.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

It was just about six years ago that I last wrote you and just about time I think, for me to write and thank you for being the means of my enjoying six years of delightful correspondence with a few tried and true letter friends.

I have been corresponding with Amelda Keller for very nearly six years and she seems to be an old friend indeed—and I'm most grateful to your corner for letting me know her. At one time I had a great many correspondents but after the first few letters they gradually diminish and those you continue to hold are the ones you feel you will come to know and enjoy best. I have other correspondents in Australia and one in India—the latter a priest to whom I remail my Catholic and some secular magazines. All of these I have been writing to for about five years—what if we do not sometimes write for a couple of months? We always resume again and with profuse apologies for our somewhat dilatory habits!

I wonder there are not pages of letters in the corner as there used to be, for surely if the present "rising generation" knew what fun it is to make friends in such an impersonal way they would not be so indifferent. I suggest that those of us who wrote five or six years ago once again appropriate the corner for our very own, since those who are now the age we were when we first wrote seem not to want it. It would be fun I think, if those old timers of the corner would write once more and tell of any interesting things that may have happened through their letter writing activities. I have only one such event of which to tell and even that did not happen directly to me but did give me something of a thrill all the same. It was simply that an aunt and uncle of mine met one of my correspondents when they were in Australia—not as good as meeting a correspondent oneself I'll admit, but certainly the next best thing.

Recently I came upon an article by the well-known writer Carolyn Wells that had to do with letter writing. It should prove interesting to all those who "subscribe" to a letter-writers' corner so it will perhaps not be amiss to quote some of it here. It begins—

"It came about that when I began to write things which were printed in the periodicals I came in touch with what were undoubtedly brighter minds than I had known before, and as I had a knack of letter writing, I fell into correspondence with these mentally attractive beings."

She continues—"To one who has not played this fascinating game no notion can be given of the charm of it. To go through the stages of acquaintance, and friendship—without any idea, beyond photographs, what your correspondent looks like, is an adventure of itself. And when you find your two minds unfolding to a degree of companionship never before experienced—you can realize the joy of the situation only by trying it for yourself.

"But you must not meet. Let that be understood. Or, at least, not for a long time. Not until you have exhausted every possibility of the incognito. And the possibilities are endless. You see, you don't have to be yourself. You can 'assume a virtue if you have it not.' Your best traits can be exaggerated, your worst ones minimized.

"Each (correspondent) has a special charm not found in the others. Yet, if you elect to go in for this sort of thing have a care. Many a time a beautiful and fluent letter writer turned out to be 'a goodly apple, rotten at the core.' Many a time I received letters that promised well for acquaintanceship only to discard them after the second epistle. It takes a lot of character, and fine character at that, to make a perfect correspondent. Also it takes congeniality, good taste and a high order of artistry. So unless you are sure of your own powers don't look for such in other people. But if you can play it and play it well it's a wonderful game. Another most necessary trait is a sense of humor. Of course, the whole thing is a joke, but a joke of a subtle, delicate sort that will stand no in-artistic handling. Imagination and humor—given those,

of the right quality—the rest will take care of itself.”
And she ends—

“But do not meet. It is the elusive, the evanescent charm of mystery that is the life of the matter. The incognito preserved, all is well. Exposure and your game is a stalemate.”

While all she says is not applicable to the correspondents of the corner, it is none the less interesting, I think. Part, at least, of what she says all of us who have letter friends find true to some extent. And it is surely worthy of note that one so exalted in the writing profession can find such interest in letter friends—tho' to be sure, if one read aright, most writers seem to carry on more or less extensive correspondence with their “dear public.” And often it's something more than mere formal recognition of the “public's” adoration. At any rate letter writing to unknowns is fun—regardless whether these “exalted” ones think so or not, tho' so much the better if they do—and I hope the corner will soon give witness that plenty of others think so too!

My best wishes to the corner—long may it serve its friendly purpose!—Sincerely, Ellen Wolf, Hopkins Ave., Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

It has been quite a long time since I have contributed a letter to the Letter Box. I read, with a qualm of conscience, of the sad plight of the Letter Box in the June issue of the Grail. I am sure there are many others who felt the same way. Perhaps reading my letter as well as the others who by this time may have come to the aid of the poor old Letter Box, they will follow our example and write in again. I sincerely hope that this will be the case. I would like very much to see the Letter Box full to overflowing as it was in the past.

I think this would be a very appropriate time to thank you, Aunt Agnes, for being the means of securing for me four real, true friendships. Although I have never seen any of these pen-friends I feel just as close to them as I do to any of my friends with whom I am in almost daily contact. Oh, yes, there were many, many letters at first and although I answered everyone faithfully some dropped off, giving the usual excuse of being too busy. So I finally settled down to four steady pen-friends. One in New Orleans, U. S. A., one in Redwood City, Calif., U. S. A., one in Australia with a missionary priest in India. I have been corresponding with these four pen-friends for several years and truthfully say that it has given me a great deal of pleasure.

Old Cornerites, New Cornerites—please do write to Aunt Agnes. You have no idea of the pleasure and fun you are missing.

Thank goodness that there is no age limitation for Cornerites, or perhaps I would never have had this opportunity to thank you. It is quite likely that I am one of the oldest Cornerites in captivity. Oh, yes, I am quite, quite old. I have attained the ripe old age of 25 years. Now, who can beat that? Let's see who can

wreck my record. That's a challenge to the older Cornerites who read the Letter Box.

I am sure that there are many girls and boys too, over 16 and 18 years of age who are lonely. Don't be bashful, write to Aunt Agnes, she won't mind your age a bit. Her poor Letter Box is lonely too, and so, as misery loves company, why not get together? Who can tell, perhaps some day you will be writing in to express your thanks to her as I am now.

Might I suggest that there surely must be one or two people in the big city of Chicago who would be brave enough to write in and tell Aunt Agnes and all of us who read the Letter Box, all about the preparations for the World's Fair which is to be held there next year. I think that would be very interesting.

Goodness, how I have run on. I had better call a halt right now, before Aunt Agnes consigns this to the waste paper basket because of its length and boredom. Here's hoping it escapes to live in print in the Grail.

With best wishes for the renewed success of the Letter Box and many thanks for my four special friends, I am, Sincerely yours, Amelda Keller, 1831 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, O.

P. S. If this letter proves acceptable, I shall be proud to receive my Fidelity Button.

A Fidelity Button and also a B-Z-B Button have been forwarded. What a treat to hear from Amelda and Ellen! Won't some of you others of the long ago please come back too? Let's have a family reunion! What do you say, Old-Timers? AUNT AGNES.

THEN AND NOW

Home used to be a place in which
One's family would stay
At night to talk and read and stitch
And wholesome games to play.

But now, alas, it's just a place
To hang up hats and sleep—
So speedy an amusement pace
Our young folks have to keep.

—Selected.

EXCHANGE SMILES

Father—“I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?”

Son—“No, all the others are taken.”

Small Boy—“Quick, policeman. A man's been beating my father for more than an hour.”

Policeman—“Why didn't you call me sooner?”

Small Boy—“Father was getting the best of it until a few minutes ago.”

Teacher (during history lesson)—“What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?”

Small Boy—“The Derby and the Grand National, Miss.”

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 272)

neck bands, 35¢. Same in white, 35¢. Bead bracelet, 35¢. Bead rings, 15¢. Squaw's beaded belt, 50¢. Squaw's beaded headband, \$1.00. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THOSE WHO SENT PACKAGES, TIN FOIL, ETC.

Kindly send tin foil free of paper, as it is not accepted with paper pasted on. It may be loose or rolled into balls.

A. J. Schiffer, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. B. T. Morley, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Willer, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. M. McGee, Indianapolis; E. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. A. M. Lorentz, McMechen, W. Va.; Mrs. R. E. Perkins, Minneapolis; Mrs. P. C. Vielbig, Brooklyn; Josephine Schroeder, Camden, N. J.; Mrs. M. B. Connelly, Bronx, N. Y.; Catherine Meyer, Detroit; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; Annie Kelley, W. Phila., Pa.; Mrs. Beatrice Cornell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; W. J. Steinberger, Hawthorne, Cal.; St. Anthony's Hospital, Hays, Kans.; Adeline De Garcia, Jersey City, N. J.

Abbey and Seminary

—To allow the workmen to get the new college building in readiness for the fall term of school, the vacation was prolonged fourteen days. The former college building has undergone such extensive remodeling that it will scarcely be recognized by those who knew it in the past. As was stated in a previous issue the Sodality Chapel of many years standing has been converted into a dining room for the Major Seminary; the south end of the large study hall on the first floor furnishes office and sleeping rooms for our house doctor—the remaining space is taken up by an assembly room for the Seminary; the old classrooms on the second floor are to be utilized as infirmary for the College, while the lower dormitory of ancient times is now devoted to the muses, where lessons are coned by diligent boys; the upper dormitory and half of the music hall of by-gone days have been turned into private rooms for the Seminary. The surprises that meet the gaze of the students of the past year at almost every turn elicited their oh's and ah's, as well as more expressive ejaculations.

—The new kitchen with its up-to-date equipment began to function on the afternoon of Sept. 19. That same evening the monks took their first electrically-cooked supper in the new dining room that had been fashioned for them on the first floor at the south end of the old seminary where in years gone-by the thirst of the seminarians of those days for knowledge had been slaked by draughts of holy wisdom that was dispensed there in goodly measure by the hour each day. Yes! pleasant (?) memories of the past where held forth in their day an Isidore Hobi, a Gregory Bechtold, an Augustine Seiler, a Beda Maler (still in our midst), and others whose names are indelibly written in the

memories of their quondam pupils. But, to return to the more prosaic transformation that has taken place. After some forty years of service both basement kitchen and basement dining room have passed out of existence. Brother Philip, our senior cook for three and thirty years, has now taken up his duties in the new quarters, which are spick-an-span with tiled floor and walls, spacious, well ventilated. There are no coal fires to build and keep a-going. Throw a switch, turn a knob, or press a button—and watch the result. Under the influence of the mysterious, invisible fluid the carbon reddeners and throws off heat, the stoves grow hot, the tea kettle sings merrily and emits a steady stream of vapor; bread bakes, food cooks—and the magic trick is done—dinner is ready. Mr. Eugene Erbs, a chef from Cincinnati, will spend the year with the Brothers in the kitchen so that they may familiarize themselves with all these modern contraptions and get some new pointers in cooking to boot.

—During the past summer many visitors stopped to see the church, the new buildings, and the museum. Among the Benedictines who tarried with us were Fathers Subprior Martin Barré of St. Joseph's in Louisiana, Athanasius Brugger, and Raymond Egler, who were returning from summer school at Notre Dame University. Father Raymond began his ecclesiastical studies with us, then went south, and finally returned to St. Meinrad for theology, after which he was ordained in 1923. Father Bernardine d'Amico of Cullman, Ala., was likewise with us for several days.

—Father Anselm, rector of the Seminary, has not yet entirely recovered from the injuries received in the automobile accident in which his leg was broken in three places below the knee. The lower part of the leg is still protected by a cast. He hobbles about by means of crutches.

—Father Theodore Heck, O. S. B., left us on Sept. 19 for Washington, D. C., to spend two or three years at the Catholic University to work for a Ph. D. in education.

—The following changes among the Fathers of the community were made in the late summer: Father Victor Dux was transferred to Evansville to be assistant at St. Benedict's Church; he thus replaces Father James Reed, who is now assistant pastor at St. Meinrad. Father Aloysius Fischer was appointed pastor at St. Anthony to succeed the late Father Clement Klingel. Father Lawrence Riebenthaler followed Father Aloysius as pastor at Siberia. Father Gregory Kunkel is teaching at Jasper Academy this year. Father Hilary DeJean returned from Jasper to St. Meinrad to teach in both College and Seminary. Father William Walker, who will continue to teach in College and Seminary, has been made Socius, or assistant, to the master of novices.

—Father Barnabas Rodutsky, who was professed on August 6, will teach Latin and oratory in the College and Hebrew and homiletics in the Seminary. Fathers Gilbert Hess and Cornelius Waldo, who were ordained in May, will teach one subject each in the College, Greek and English respectively, and at the same

time attend fourth year dogma and moral in the Seminary. Father Raphael Hirsch, who will also attend class, has charge of the College Book Store and the monastic wardrobe.

—Dr. John H. Barrow, a young physician of several years experience, who comes highly recommended, will soothe the pains and the aches of the students. Dr. Barrow's office and living rooms are located at the south end of the former study hall on the first floor.

—In a news item that mentions the recent celebration of the golden jubilee of St. James parish at Jamestown, N. D., we note that the first Mass was offered up at Jamestown on Jan. 10, 1879, by Father Chrysostom of Bismarck. This was evidently Father Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., one of the pioneers at St. Meinrad, who in 1876 accompanied Abbot, later Bishop, Marty to Dakota Territory. They resided on an Indian reservation not far from Bismarck. After spending some years in the West, Father Chrysostom returned to Einsiedeln in Switzerland, where he died in 1899.

—Father Abbot Columban Thuis came up from the sunny South shortly before the opening of the fall term. He was accompanied by three clerics of St. Joseph's Abbey: Fr. John LeBlanc, Fr. Robert Laplace, and Fr. Leo Couvillon, who have now entered upon their theological studies in our seminary. Abbot Columban took the opportunity to spend several days in our midst. During the past summer he gave a number of retreats to religious communities. The diocesan priests of Corpus Christi also made the spiritual exercises under his direction.

—Two arrivals from Conception Abbey in Missouri helped to swell our clericate and increase the number of theologians in the Seminary. They are the clerics Fr. Henry Huber and Fr. Brendan Lee.

—As announced last month, the return of the students for the fall term of school was postponed from Sept. 12 to 26. There was a great deal to accomplish in the fourteen days which intervened that all might be in readiness. By the 26th the new building had been sufficiently equipped and the remodeling of the old building had advanced far enough to permit school to keep without let or hindrance.

—The early morning of the 26th was gloomy, cloudy, "weepy." Mother Nature seemed to mingle her tears of grief with those of the fond mothers who were sending their beloved sons off to school. Automobiles and high-powered busses brought the students from far and near throughout the day and into the night. From the four points of the compass they came—from the Atlantic to the Rockies, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. The Major Seminary harbors 180 with two more announced. These with thirty-two Benedictine clerics raise the number of philosophers and theologians to 214. In the Minor Seminary 238 registered on the day of arrival. Several others were announced. In our high school department—Jasper Academy—for such as intend to take up secular pursuits, there is an enrollment of 100, which brings the total number to 550 plus. This is the largest number of students we have ever had at one time. While there is a falling

off in the Minor Seminary, due in great measure to the depression, which has impoverished so many families and greatly diminished the diocesan funds for the education of ecclesiastical students, there is a considerable increase in the Major Seminary.

—School was opened as usual with a Solemn Votive High Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit, which was celebrated by Father Andrew Bauer, senior professor in the Seminary, in place of the Very Reverend Rector, Father Anselm, whose crippled condition would not permit him to officiate.

—This year, by way of exception, the students of the Minor Seminary had special services, which they attended on the morning of the opening of school. At 8 a. m. Father Abbot blessed the new chapel, consecrated the new altar, celebrated the first Mass in the chapel, and afterwards blessed the entire new building. The ceremonies lasted about four hours.

—The evening of the 27th was reserved for the official opening of the school. At 7 p. m., after the student body had gathered in the Abbey Church, Father Abbot intoned the *Veni Creator*, which was sung by the monastic choir. He then made a brief but timely address to an attentive audience. This was followed by the taking of the *Juramentum*, or oath against modernism, which canon law requires of seminary professors before they enter upon their duties in the classroom. Father Abbot then officiated at Pontifical Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, with which the service closed.

—Father Sylvester Eisenman drove down from his Indian Mission at Marty, So. Dak., where he recently opened the mission school with 350 little Bronzed Angels. The object of his coming at this time was to bring back our two clerics Fr. Augustine Edele and Fr. Timothy Sexton, who had gone west in quest of health. The ozone of the prairies and the sunshine of the higher altitude browned them to a finish. The health of each has improved noticeably. Both have put on avoirdupois. The former was absent about three months; Fr. Timothy, who went to the missions early in February, has acquired considerable fluency in the Sioux tongue. We hope that this new lease of life will enable them to complete their studies.

—The Rev. Charles F. Gerdon, class of '03, pastor of St. Michael's Church at Madison and dean of the district, died at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 12. Father Gerdon was obliged to submit to the surgeon's knife. He did not rally from the operation. The deceased was a man of faith and prayer, a zealous priest and noted convert maker. In the fall of 1894, together with his brother William, Father Gerdon entered St. Meinrad College to prepare himself for the priesthood, which both received on June 6, 1903. Father Will preceded him in death on Jan. 15, 1911. The Rev. Joseph Gerdon, class of '93, eldest of the three priest brothers, now pastor at Loogootee, was celebrant of the funeral Mass. Both funeral and burial took place at New Middletown, where the Gerdon family lived, and where the three brothers had offered up their first Masses. R. I. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XXVI—RESTITUTION

AFTER Ronald had left her, Eileen asked for paper and pencil, in spite of the nurse's warning that she had already overexerted herself. She felt that her moments were numbered, and, suddenly appalled by the prospect of facing her Judge with that awful record of her ill deeds upon her, she determined to make the fullest possible reparation, even though her own name, by the retraction of the slander, must go down into the dust in dishonor. All those who had heretofore thought so well of her, would now know her for what she was; it was a bitter pill to swallow, but the thought of eternity was still more frightful, so she chose the lesser evil. All those who had branded Madeline as a thief because of Eileen's deception, must now know that Eileen was the culprit, and Madeline the innocent victim.

She wrote feverishly for ten minutes, making her confession and writing below it her desire that it be broadcast to all those who knew Madeline; then signed it and placed it in her bosom, where she knew it would be found when she was dead. By this time she was so exhausted, that the nurse was alarmed, since Eileen did not respond to any of her restorative methods. Her heart, overtaxed by too free indulgence in a dangerous drug, beat feebly; the doctor was called, but his efforts were vain. In spite of all they could do, her life flickered out.

Ronald was doubly stricken: by his wife's death, and by her awful revelation. In spite of her duplicity, he thought a great deal of her, although it could never have been called love. Her dying desire had been in line with his own. A week after his wife's death, he had set detectives on Madeline's trail, to find her, and if possible, repair the terrible wrong that had been done her. He was determined never to rest, to leave nothing untried, until he had tracked down the girl whom, he knew now, would have been his life's true mate, had she not been so frightfully tricked and slandered. He felt no resentment toward Eileen, for it was the rule of his life never to harbor anger even for a moment, but always dismissed the thought of the dead woman's guilt whenever it presented itself. But he could not stop the dull, ceaseless pain in his heart, which kept reiterating the fact of what might have been.

Why did Madeline rush off so quickly, leaving no trace? He knew positively that, had she remained, he would not have left matters rest until she had explained all, and Eileen's duplicity would have been unmasked. As it was, her disappearance gave the appearance of guilt to preceding events, and he reproached himself for having admitted to himself that Madeline must indeed have been what Eileen said she was—an underworld character. Ten years of quiet married life with Eileen had dulled the ache which he never could quite banish, although in all loyalty to his wife, he never permitted himself to dwell on it. But her confession on that momentous afternoon had torn his heart wide open again, and he only lived on the detectives' reports now, from morning till night.

His father respected his grief, thinking it was all for the dead Eileen, and passed over his absent-minded inattention to business without comment. Ronald was Vice-President of the firm now, and old Westover had taken much pride in his son's business ability, often sending him to close important deals, since he had the utmost confidence in him.

After several weeks of fruitless detective work, Ronald looked up Lily Carson, or rather, Lily Aylsworth, as she now was called. He had no great trouble in finding her. She lived in a neat bungalow in a new subdivision on the city's south side, and had two children. Her husband had done quite well in his line of work, and they had only a few more payments to make on their home, before they might call it their own. She was delighted to see Ronald again, and though she was bursting with curiosity to know the reason for his visit, she politely invited him in, and asked him all manner of friendly questions about himself. They talked animatedly for awhile, and she even asked him to stay to lunch, as it was near twelve and her husband would be home at that hour.

"Sorry, but I won't be able to stay," he replied. "Thank you just the same, but what I wanted to ask you is, have you ever heard anything from Madeline?" Immediately Lily became grave.

"Not a single word, Ron. I never could imagine what became of her, or why she disappeared like she did." Then Ronald explained how it all came about, and how anxious he was to find her and make amends.

"I am sorry about your wife, Ron," she replied. "I saw it in the papers. But I often wondered why it was that Madeline never wrote me or left me know of her whereabouts."

"Perhaps she did not want anyone to know. It was just one misfortune after another with her, and she was probably disgusted. And I do not blame her."

"Nor I. I do hope she hasn't done anything rash."

"I wish I knew where to get hold of her."

"Why not try the Home? Someone there might have heard of her."

"Do you think so? It's all of ten years, you know."

"They keep track of their girls. I've had Christmas and birthday cards from the patronesses ever since I've been married."

"That's very nice of them, but I don't suppose they could keep track of anyone they'd discharged, like poor Madeline."

"Perhaps not, but it wouldn't hurt to try." Ronald rose.

"You're right. I'll go down there at once. Who is the matron?"

"Mrs. Marvin is still there. She would know, if anyone did."

Ronald left and went down to the Home. He found Mrs. Marvin at her desk, looking much older, less buxom, with many wrinkles, and hair turning white. She did not recognize him, until he told her who he was.

"Oh, yes, of course, I remember you," replied she.

"You remember Madeline Edgeworth, who used to board here?"

"Yes, sir, I do." She was a trifle curt at mention of the name.

"Well, it is very important that I find her. Do you happen to know anything of her whereabouts, or have you ever heard where she might be?"

"No—no, I don't believe I ever have."

"Because, you see—" he hesitated, "she has been found to be entirely innocent of the charges that had been brought against her, and we want to make amends, if possible." Mrs. Marvin was interested at once.

"You say she was innocent? But how—?"

"Well, it was this way; the ring she was supposed to have stolen, was placed in her purse by another person who was jealous of her, and this person has now confessed." Her eyes lit with horror.

"First now, after all that time?"

"After all that time," echoed he.

"Oh, the poor child!" she cried, her hand up to her face. "Oh, how frightful! Her life must have been ruined!"

"That is what we are trying to find out; but no one seems to know anything about her."

"Have you seen the patronesses? Some one of them might have heard of her at some time or other."

"Not all; only one or two of them. Will you give me a list of their names?"

"That I will, gladly. Oh, the poor girl! Oh to think that we turned out an innocent girl. Are you positive?"

"I hardly think anyone would confess to such a crime unless it were the truth. The person confessed on her deathbed."

"Oh, I see. Well, I, for one, will do all I can for you!"

But it was all to no purpose. No one knew or heard of Madeline for years. In fact, she had been forgotten by most folks, and even all the clues picked up by the detectives led nowhere. Ronald searched for months; his men worked in other cities, but uncovered nothing. And then, in despair, he decided to make a novena.

His father noticed that he was growing daily more downcast, and became worried about him. Words of encouragement did no good, and Ronald, knowing his parent's former antipathy to Madeline, explained nothing. He must work this out himself. Time enough to explain things when he had found her—if he ever would find her! One day Mr. Westover called Ronald into his private office.

"Son," he said, "about this Great Eastern deal; we can't seem to do anything with them on the subject of this merger. They want too much money. I've written and dickered with them until I'm blue in the face, but they're a stiff bunch. What do you say to making a trip to New York to see this Wardling who signs all their letters? See what you can do with him. The trip will do you a world of good, I am sure, and I have the utmost faith in your sagacity and perspicuity. You know what I want. Suppose you go over there and see if you can turn the deal over. We can't let it drop, because they're taking away all of our old customers."

"Hm—well, just as you say, Dad. Don't know if I can do it, but I can try."

"Attaboy!" said his father, slapping his shoulder. "Let's see if you can't get some of your old-time pep into this business. You used to be quite good at it."

So Ronald went off to New York. He stopped at one of the best hotels, dined leisurely, and went to the opera. Next morning, although the Great Eastern offices were not open until nine o'clock, he was up early, for lately, he had not been able to sleep well. At nine-thirty, he was in the lobby of the great office building, and at exactly nine-thirty-seven, he stood outside the doors of the Great Eastern Company. Opening the door marked "Entrance," he encountered an office boy at a desk, who took his card and asked him to be seated. In five minutes a young woman secretary entered and motioned him to follow her. She led him through a suite of rooms, and then, in her own sanctum, turned and asked,

"Now, whom did you wish to see?"

"Mr. Wardling, please." The secretary concealed a smile as she asked him once again to be seated and took his card to another door marked, "M. E. Wardling, Secretary." Three minutes elapsed before she reopened the ground-glass door, bowed, and said,

"You may go in." Ronald bowed in return, picked up his hat and stick and entered the inner room, which the secretary softly closed. At a desk at the farther end of a richly appointed office, sat a woman, busily signing papers, with her back turned to him. She did not turn when Ronald entered, but continued looking over paper after paper, and putting her signature to them. Ronald politely waited, shunting his weight from one foot to the other, and becoming slightly impatient. Finally, he felt that she was keeping him

waiting unconsciously long, so he took a step forward and began,

"Pardon me, but I wanted to see Mr. Wardling, the Secretary. Is he—ah, could I—" The woman slowly swung around in her swivel chair.

"Good morning, sir. I am the secretary. What can I do for you?" Ronald looked and then stared, as if he could not believe his own eyes.

"Madeline!" he cried, moving forward toward her. She arose with dignity.

"Sir! I am Miss Wardling, the Secretary. I repeat, what can I do for you this morning?"

"Madeline, I've searched for you everywhere! Thank God I've found you!" And he reached for her hands, but she put them behind her back.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Westover. You came here on business. I have the papers all here at hand. What is it you wished to see me about?" Grief-stricken at her attitude, Ronald swallowed hard and was at a loss for words. But he tried again.

"Madeline, don't be hard on me. I realize that I deserve to be ignored by you completely, but it's a long story, and I ask only the privilege of explaining everything to you. Then, if you see fit to send me away, you may do so." But Madeline compressed her lips and shook her head in a determined way.

"Mr. Westover, all these things have happened long ago, and I've put them all behind me. I've triumphed over all my obstacles and difficulties and enemies, and I do not care to reopen old wounds. Now, let us proceed to business." And she picked up a sheaf of papers and seated herself at her desk, rummaging through them until she found the sheet she wanted. Ronald was at a loss, but he would not talk business.

"Now, when I've found you after all these years, you want me to put aside everything and go on as if nothing happened? Never!" She drew herself up coolly.

"You were in no hurry to find me when I was in the greatest trouble, why should you bother to search for me now? Besides, you are married, and I prefer to have no more to do with you."

"But, Madeline, haven't you heard? My wife is dead, and she particularly asked me to find you and make amends for—everything."

"Your wife—dead? No, I never heard."

"Then, will you listen to me while I tell you how everything happened? You owe me the right to clear myself. I, too, have been under a cloud, and did not learn the truth about everything until some months ago." Madeline looked toward the heavily-draped windows, and the grief of years was reflected in her sad eyes.

"Then this trip of yours was just a scheme to come and see me, and not a business trip at all?" she asked, still coldly.

"My dear, I never dreamed that M. E. Wardling would turn out to be little—Madeline. How could I, with that last name? No wonder nobody was able to find you." Her eyes narrowed in bitterness.

"I took my mother's maiden name, and called myself Madeline Edgeworth Wardling, so that no one

would ever find me. I didn't want to be found. I never wanted to see anyone in that past life again! You least of all. When I found Westover Steel nibbling at our bait, it was I who persuaded the officers and directors of my company to be hard and unrelenting, to demand the last pound of flesh out of you. I worked myself up from the ground floor with but one grim idea in my head—to surmount every obstacle and come out on the crest of the wave—and I've succeeded. And now I don't know whether I want to return and explore my old caves of horror again or not." He saw she was gradually relenting. The next moment he was on his knees before her, holding her hands perforce, and pouring out all his grief-stricken story, while the tears slowly welled up in her own eyes from the pain of it all. When he had finished, she replied:

"Poor Eileen! I am sorry for her. She didn't get much out of it."

It was June, and old Mr. Westover sat placidly smoking a cigar in his elegantly-appointed sanctum, while his old friend, Judge Hallam, sat by talking over things.

"So you finally won over the Great Eastern people," he remarked. "Pretty stiff bunch, I understand. How'd you do it?" Mr. Westover laughed and flicked the ash off his cigar.

"Didn't you know? Our Vice-President married their Secretary."

"No! Ronald? Is that who the bride was?"

"Why sure! If we can't get 'em one way, we get 'em in another!"

And then they both roared.

THE END

Monte Cassino

On October first the Benedictine Order celebrates the Dedication of the Basilica of Monte Cassino. It was while he was at Subiaco that St. Benedict received the command from God to go to Monte Cassino. "Arise and take heart," said our Lord, "for I will always be your protector. I will confound your adversary, and will make you victorious whatever enemies may oppose you." It was in the year 529 that Benedict set out from his beloved ravine, where he had spent thirty-five years of union with God, to bring salvation to the rude, half-civilized people who dwelt on Monte Cassino. They still practiced pagan rites and on the summit of the Mount a temple had been erected over the statue of Apollo, where the rough peasants made their offerings and slew their victims in this last stronghold of Satan in Italy.

Monte Cassino is a bold spur of the Abruzzi mountains, which juts out into the plain, and is located halfway between Rome and Naples. The silver Liris river sparkles in the sunshine near by and threads its way through vineyard and cornfield, hamlet and olive grove, until it is hidden by the distant hills. Like a huge watchtower, Monte Cassino commands the peaceful plain, lifting its precipitous sides abruptly from a

scene of pastoral beauty. Here St. Benedict began the building of his monastery, which contained no luxury or sumptuous apartments. The rough stone of the mountain and the timber of the woods, shaped by unskilled hands, made a shelter which provided no sort of comfort. But these men had not come for comfort; they looked not for ease, but for heaven.

The devil played many malicious tricks upon the monks while they were building their monastery, but St. Benedict always dispelled him. The fame of his sanctity and miracles spread far and wide, and numbers flocked to see him; the grace of God induced many of them to remain and embrace a life of penance and prayer.

Reducing Cost of Meals

What with all the depression, we still see housewives throwing half loaves of bread, sliced bread that has not been used at table, cold boiled potatoes, oranges that have been purchased in too great profusion and have become moldy—into a garbage can. And, too, in these days, we see old, shabby men going from garbage can to garbage can, with kettle and basket, picking out perfectly edible food which will last them for days. It is a heart-breaking sight to see somebody's old father going from can to can, because nobody cares what becomes of him, but it is a greater shame to find housewives who waste their husbands' substance so recklessly as to throw away food that can still be used. In one family, the left-over sliced bread which has been on the table for a meal, is always thrown away after the meal. In another, where the father works for a bakery, doughnuts, cream puffs, and other delicacies which he brings home in too great abundance, find their way into the garbage can.

In other families, the housewife buys profusely from the huckster who comes two or three times a week, and invariably some of these vegetables or fruits find their way to the refuse can, because she has purchased too much, and it lies around until it begins to spoil, when, of course, it must be thrown out. Many of these families are suffering to-day from the depression, because of their reckless habits.

The same in baking; if the housemother finds that her usual batch of baking is a bit too large, and the last pieces become stale, they are invariably thrown out; she should lessen her recipe next time, so that every piece may be eaten and nothing wasted. Attention to these small penny leaks in the family pocketbook, will in time amount to many dollars. If fruit and vegetables are bought only in season, when they are cheapest, and only enough for the family's actual needs, this, too, will be found to make a great difference in the budget at the end of the year.

Hatred

With some people, hatred seems to be either a disease—or just a very bad habit. Overheard on a car: "Don't you hate her?" "No! why?" "Oh, I don't know. She has a cross-eye, and she wears nothing but red dresses, and did you notice the hairy arms

she has? Like an ape. I can't bear her." The other girl laughed. "What foolish reasons! I don't see anything particularly hateful about her." "Well, I can't help it; I just can't stand her."

And there you are. A trio of idiotic reasons, but her hatred must be indulged! And ten to one, this girl has queer reasons for hating not only this one girl, but others with whom she daily comes in contact. She has permitted herself to single out faults in every person she meets, and according to these faults, whether they can be helped or not, she tabulates people. Very often, too, such people pick faults with everything else about them, take up the most innocent words that fall from a person's tongue and twist them into a false meaning, and answer well-meant words with a sharp retort.

There are persons who never forgive, and never forget a wrong once committed against them; forever, they hate the offender, in spite of religion and catechism and the prayer which says, "as we forgive those who trespass against us." In the first case, the person permits herself to judge others, as if she herself were a paragon of perfection. Did some of us know what others think of us, we might have a huge surprise in store, and it might take off a load of silly pride. In the second case, we have only to think of the Lord's Prayer; he who does not forgive, will never be forgiven. Hatred and unforgiveness are akin; one cannot indulge in the one without the other.

We are all God's creatures, and it is not for us to judge others, for none of us are perfect. Look out upon the world with love and sweetness toward every creature.

Planning the Kitchen

In these days of low prices, it is a good idea to think of building that home we have had in mind for so long. As the kitchen is a woman's workshop, in which she spends many hours of the day, she should be the one to plan it. Some kitchens in the new houses have their units planned so awkwardly that one knows at once that no woman had a voice in their design. The ideal kitchen is one that has no waste wall space, and in which sink, stove, refrigerator, cabinets and ironing board are placed in such a way that the fewest steps possible are necessary in the performances of household duties.

The ideal arrangement is, a double drip-board sink flanked by cabinets reaching from floor to ceiling, these cabinets having enamel working-tops where meals may be prepared, and which may be easily washed off. The stove should be very close to these and the refrigerator next. The built-in ironing board is a boon to any woman, saving many a step up and down from the basement with the portable ironing board, and costs but very little to install. At a moment's notice she may open it and plug in her iron, press some necessary garment, and in the flick of an eyelash, close it up again with no muss or upset to the kitchen. The ironing board should be arranged in such a way that it will not interfere with stove or table, or free access to window or sink.

A good grade of lumber should be used, the cheaper

kinds being a trial when they begin to warp, or the grain rises, or drawers refuse to open or close, and doors begin to act up. The little extra money for grade A lumber is well spent. Then there is the finish of the kitchen woodwork; white, ivory, or Nile-green enamel are good, and the best job is attained by applying three coats—one of flat color, the other two of best grade enamel. This will stand washing for years.

How Cloth is Mercerized

Mercerized cloth often resembles silk, and even knitted sweaters that have all the appearance of being made of silk, are sometimes only made of mercerized cotton yarns. Much domestic shantung and pongee contain mercerized cotton yarns and many braids, cords, and fancywork materials are thus treated. Unlike rayon, which is made of the pulp of a tree, mercerization is brought about by immersing cotton cloth in a caustic bath. The story goes that the discovery of this process was made quite by accident—which is true of many of our inventions; in searching for one thing, another was discovered.

John Mercer, after whom the process is named, was a calico printer of Lancashire, England, and used caustic soda in the preparation of his goods for printing. One day the cloth was immersed in a caustic-soda bath much stronger than was intended, and when removed, it was found to have shrunk considerably and to be somewhat changed in character and appearance. Fearing that he had lost his cloth, Mercer began to examine the material closely and found that it was not destroyed, as he at first feared, but had attained certain new characteristics which were advantageous. It took and held dye better and seemed smoother and more translucent; to his great amazement, it was actually stronger than before.

What happens is this: The cotton fiber is a twisted, flattened cylinder—picture a collapsed fire hose that has become badly twisted, and that is a very good illustration of cotton fiber. The curly, twisted structure greatly aids the spinning process, but it also causes all cotton material to be fuzzy, with no sheen or luster. The caustic soda swells, or plumps up these flattened cylinders, and if the fibers are stretched, they lose much of their twist and curl and become straight, translucent rods which reflect the light like silk and flax. But it was only in the last twenty or thirty years that the mercerizing process came into general use, because the process was very expensive.

Goods to be mercerized must first be thoroughly cleansed and boiled to remove all dirt, oils, or wax. Then, while held under tension, they are immersed in the caustic-soda solution. Then the cloth is thoroughly washed again and run through a weak acid bath to neutralize any caustic that remains, dried, and pressed. All this is in addition to the regular processes of making cotton cloth. There are many textile plants in the country whose only business is mercerizing yarns. One such plant, in the South, mercerizes 50 tons, or 100,000 pounds of material a week.

Mercerized yarns are often combined with cotton yarns to produce beautiful striped shirtings and other cotton wash materials. Crinkled crepe is produced by this same mercerization process. As mercerization shrinks cloth, the crepe effect is obtained by treating parts of the same piece with caustic and leaving the rest of it untreated. This produces the puckered effect we see in plisse crepe and seersucker. The cloth is run between rollers and printed with caustic resistant in stripes; when the cloth is immersed in the caustic bath, the untreated part shrinks, and the treated part does not.

The History of Music

History is not merely a collection of dates and incidents and so-called facts, but the *life process* of mankind, from the dim, cobwebbed ages of long ago, when man was first groping his way toward civilization, until now, when he has reached a state of enlightenment that seems all but perfect. We know that man utilized various sounds and invented instruments to make these sounds almost from the very first, mostly in religious ceremonies, although there were times too, when dances were presented before kings, accompanied by such instruments as had been invented, and such music was also used on feast days or celebration of various kinds.

At first these sounds were crude, having no especial harmonization, nor did the musicians play in unison according to a preconceived method. Instead, each musician was his own composer, and each produced such sounds as were possible with his instruments, perhaps augmenting them by singing. Neither was there any system of notation such as we know. It was not until the Christian era that notation was attempted, and these first signs that were used to make a record of musical sounds were somewhat similar to our stenography, and were called *neumes* (from the Greek word *pneuma*, breath). These neumes, which were in use until after the 11th century, differed in different times and places, and even were we to have an authentic copy of one of them, it is not certain that we should know how to follow them out. Some of them have been partially deciphered, but as a whole, we shall never know exactly how the music of the 9th, 12th, or even of the 16th century really sounded, since we lack the *living intuition* for it, which is irretrievable. Even to-day we are no longer in a position to say definitely how music was performed in the 18th century, what idea, for instance, Bach and Handel had in mind when they composed.

The Greeks had a musical system which differed somewhat from ours. Whereas we make use of whole and half tones, they also made use of quarter tones. Several pieces of early Greek music have been preserved, deciphered, and transcribed into a more modern notation. They did not have a musical rhythm in our sense, but gave their music a metric form in compliance with the laws of their language, i. e., the tones were long or short in duration according to the length of the syllables.

At first, all singing was done in single tones, or in high or low voice, an octave apart; later, use was made of fourths and fifths. This part-singing prepared the way for polyphony. In bygone times, neume, or note-writing, was not uniform as ours is; our conception of exactness and uniformity was foreign to the people of that time, and probably would have met with their disapproval. The old way of making music was freer than ours, and partook of the nature of improvisation as the player went along. The people of the Middle Ages were possessed of more imagination, it seems, than we have to-day.

Household Hints

Never use left-over coffee or tea that has stood for more than a day; it is said to be unhealthy because of poisons which brew in it.

An hour is sufficient to soak white clothing with the most improved bead soaps. A longer time only makes them gray; colored clothing which is known to be fast, may be soaked a half hour, not longer, and prints about which you are doubtful should be placed in the warm suds of the machine (not hot) without soaking, or not more than five minutes.

Recipes

CANTALOUPE SALAD: Cut cantaloupes in halves and scoop out pulp carefully; dice this and add cut-up red and green sweet peppers, one or two stalks of celery, salt, pepper, and mayonnaise. Return to scooped-out cantaloupe shells and sprinkle with a little paprika before serving.

RUSSIAN POTATO SALAD: Scoop out balls from raw potatoes and boil until tender, but not mushy. Drain and place in bowl with minced onion, two flat boxes of oil sardines, flaked, salt, paprika and mayonnaise. Mix carefully and place on platter. Group around the potato salad sliced sour beets and sliced hard-boiled eggs. This is good for Sunday night supper.

Food Fads Passing

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Food faddists, diet quacks and "slenderizing" specialists have come in for a large amount of criticism from the scientific world in general and the medical profession in particular within the last few months. This time last year magazines and newspapers were filled with articles advocating the advantages of freak diets, but recently the whole tendency has been to urge sanity in eating and the necessity of a well-balanced meal.

At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Philadelphia which was attended by more than 7000 doctors, no less than four

physicians of prominence made talks against food fads in one form or other.

Some of the statements made by these physicians upon the subject follow:

"Discover a new vitamin and Americans will rush to take it in overdoses. Point out the advantages of orange juice and they will drink so much they will ruin their stomachs. Tell them to drink tomato juice and they will gulp it by the gallon.

"Diet for the ordinary man should include all the necessary food substances. The essentials will be taken in the vast majority of the cases by anyone who eats a well-balanced diet, including meats, fruits, cereals, vegetables, milk and eggs.

"Whenever a new discovery is made in the field of science commercial exploiters are ready to adopt that discovery for personal gain.

"Too much roughage in diet will injure the gastro-intestinal tract and its uses may be exceedingly harmful in case of ulcer of the stomach and in case of colitis.

"Wherever we turn our eyes are scorched with some claim of vitamin qualities of some special food or other which is most discouraging to legitimate workers in this field of research.

"Superstition has influenced the diet of man since the beginning of time but the best diet of man includes adequate quantities of all the well-known substances."

The American Medical Association several months ago established a Committee on Foods to protect the American public. After close scrutiny of five hundred food stuffs the Association has endorsed some seventy-five products, the use of the Association seal being granted to the manufacturers of these approved foods. The four hundred and twenty-five products which so far have failed to gain the approval of the Committee on Foods were adulterated, unwholesome, or advertised in a misleading manner.

The *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* had an editorial which summed up the subject as follows: "The whole matter of diet has been left almost exclusively in the hands of cults and quacks, yet it is one that only a physician, and that a very good one, can direct in any given case."

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

No Other Like It

The Encyclopedia is called Catholic; it might just as properly be called Christian. It is both, in the sense that both are universal, and embrace all that is best in civilization.

Ordinarily encyclopedias bearing a religious title treat only the Bible, creeds, confessions, ceremonials, doctrine, ministry, missions, preaching, worship, churchmen. This narrows their scope. An encyclopedia to be Catholic must be universal in scope. This one contains:

1. The important history of the world before and during the Christian era, with biographies of men who made history; exploration, discovery, colonization, migration, nationalities.

2. The history of every continent, country, province and other geographical division, their races and inhabitants.

3. Great universities and teachers of the Middle Ages, scholastic institutions of our day, educators, theories, methods, systems.

4. Masterpieces in every art, biographies of celebrated artists.

5. Law, natural, Roman, international, canon, common, civil.

6. Literature, ancient, medieval and modern; of every nation; great authors, academies, books, libraries, literary movements.

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